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Maine Farmer.

MECHANIC ARTS AGRICULTURE LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

VOL. LIV. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886. TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance. No. 30.

Fairs to Occur.

Cumberland County—At Portland, September 27—30.
Cumberland Farmers' Club—At West Cumberland, October 5–7.
Kennebec County—At Readfield, September 28–30.
Kennebec and Somerset Union—At Fairfield, September 30–2.
Lincoln County—At Damariscotta Driving Park—September 28-30.
Maine State Agricultural, State Pomological, and Androscoggin County Agricultural Societies—At Lewiston, September 14–17.
New England and Western Maine Fair—At Bangor, August 31, and September 1–3.
North Kennebec—At Waterville, September 21.
North Penobscot—At Lee, September 28, and October 1.
North Aroostook—At Presque Isle, September 17 28.
Oxford County—At East Eddington, Sept. 23—
Penobscot County—At East Eddington, Sept. 23—
Somerset Central—at Skowhegan, Sept. 21—22.
Waldo County—At Belfast, September 29—22.
West Franklin—At Phillips, October 5—7.
West Penobscot—At Exeter, September 28—30.

Mr. David W. Lewis mentioned in his dairy report of May 15, that "skimmed cheese are practically worthless, the price here hardly paying for freight and boxes." Which indicates acquired good sense on the part of consumers.

The speakers at the Connecticut Agricultural School's commencement will be Secretary Russell of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture and Hon. Stewart L. Woodford of New York. A very pleasant time is expected.

Some of the Mexican wool-growers have been driving their sheep across the border, simply paying duty on them as live stock, and then shearing them in the United States, thus avoiding the duty on wool. The Mexicans are gradually catching up with civilized nations.

A sample of Canada leached ashes recently analyzed at the Connecticut Experiment Station contained only about half of one per cent. of potash and thirty-six hundredths of one per cent. of phosphoric acid. Half of the weight was worthless material. All ashes should be sold on a guaranteed analysis.

In the field experiments with sulphate of potash and muriate of potash, at the New Jersey Experiment Station the results did not show any special benefit from one over the other to the growing crops. This is a matter of some interest since the sulphate has heretofore cost some fifty per cent. more than the other.

Justice, Bateman & Co.'s wool circular, dated Philadelphia, May 20th, 1886, says: The wool market continues quiet and uneventful. The labor troubles seem to be diminishing and their settlement will have much to do with the revival of the general trade of the country which has been seriously affected. It is cause for congratulation that these troubles no longer wear that menacing attitude which has weakened confidence and checked trade.

The New Gloucester Creamery is one of the most successfully managed of any in the State; the patrons enthusiastic and satisfied with the results, and we think they have reason to be. The following is the account for April: Number of inches of cream collected, 16926: amount of cash received, $2,103.53; Expenses, $326.31; price paid per inch for cream, 10½ cents. How many farmers can show as good net receipts for cream as they obtain in New Gloucester?

Twenty-seven cows to each one hundred inhabitants was the rate from 1790 to 1860, and this proportion did not vary one per cent. during these seventy years. During this time, however, the average production in a cow increased till there came to be a surplus of dairy products. At the present time there are but twenty-three cows to each hundred inhabitants, yet the surplus of products is greater than twenty years ago. Better animals and better feed are bringing larger averages. There is room for still further improvement.

The question of raising steers profitably can never be settled by theories, and while on the one hand some claim marvelous profits in feeding, and on the other certain loss, farmers are settling the question to the satisfaction of their pocket-books. Colby Dudley of Readfield lately sold a grade Hereford calf, between fourteen and fifteen months old, that dressed 622 lbs. Who says this didn't pay? Another, H. O. Nickerson of the same town, sold a grade Hereford calf in April, that would have been one year old in June, for $55.00. This calf had not received any grain ration during the winter. It pays to raise such stock, and any man who will can realize as much.

These are some of the reports from the cattle plains: A reporter saw 1,700 dead cattle in one heap a few miles from Spearville, Kan., about the middle of March; and "the prairies were thickly strewn with dead sheep." The number of dead cattle in the Pecos Valley of Texas was placed at 9,000 early this month, and the mortality "continues at a fearful rate." The herds that started on the trail are scattered along the river a distance of 40 to 100 miles and can not go any further" on account of lability to drag along in pursuit of food, owing to emaciation and great weakness. Generally, System is well in its way, but is not the best way to adhere rigidly to rotine hoeing. With this methodic way of doing the work, the boys have caught an erstanding idea—if they have not sometimes been taught it—as to the subject of hoeing. We have always found it hard work to make help understand that we do not hoe for the purpose of hoeing the corn. Hoeing is for the purpose of killing the weeds, and this is to be done without regard to the corn further than to let it alone. Employed help, unless instructed to the contrary, is prone to look upon attention to the shape and condition of the hill as of more importance than the cutting of weeds between the rows.

The proper way to kill weeds is to stir the ground. This can be better done, almost entirely, with horse power and cultivators than by hand. This brings to attention the matter of implements with which to do the work. If the land has been properly prepared before planting, it is neither necessary or best that the soil be dug up and stirred deeply after the crops are up. *Surface working is what is called for at this time.* This destroys the weeds and breaks the surface crust formed by the rains, and this is all that is called for through the growing season. It plainly follows, then, that many of the cultivators are not well designed for the work desired of them. Many of them are built to dig, and they do coarse work at that. A cultivator for its principal work should stir the entire surface over which it runs, and at the same time leave the loosened earth fine and smooth. It is an important matter that it leave the surface smooth, since in order that it may be run entirely up to the plants standing in the row—thereby avoiding any considerable use of the hand hoe, it must not throw the earth in ridges or dig out deep trenches. Judged by this standard there are many patterns of cultivators that may well be laid away with the many others that have preceded them.

With a model cultivator to do the work, it is no longer necessary to delay the hoeing till the plants get up to the regulation height in order to avoid being buried, but the work may be commenced at any time called for without regard to the size of the plants. This is an important feature. Weeds are much more easily destroyed when first starting from the ground than after they have become strongly rooted by long standing. Early and frequent stirring of the soil is the proper course, and by pursuing this in practice but very little hand work will be called for. A good cultivator is an important tool on the farm.

Destroying Orchard Insects.

Attention has of late been called in horticultural circles, to the successful spraying of fruit trees for the destruction of the codlin moth and other insects destructive of fruit while upon the trees. In a communication to the *Country Gentleman* the Messrs. T. G. Yeomans & Sons of Wolworth, N. Y., give directions for doing this work as successfully practiced by themselves. London purple is used instead of Paris green, because it is cheaper, mixes well with water, and does not require to be stirred to keep it well mingled. One pound of purple to 100 gallons of water is the right proportion. First mix the purple to a paste in a small dish and then thoroughly mix with the water.

The best manner of applying is by the use of a good force-pump, and a large water tank holding 200 to 300 gallons, placed on a wagon and the pump, with pipe, hose and nozzle, fastened to the top of the tank; one man to hold and direct the hose and drive the team, while another uses the pump vigorously.

In this manner hundreds of large orchard trees may be sprayed in a single day. Such an application not only destroys canker worms and codlin moths, but all other insects which infest orchards.

The right time to make the application is soon after the fruit sets. The cost of the whole apparatus will not exceed $10. This method of destroying insects has been tried by other extensive fruit growers in Western New York and always with marked effect, as was reported at the meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society last winter. We hope some of the extensive fruit growers in this State will be induced to make a trial of this preventive. If measurably successful in preventing the work of the codlin moth which from time to time works such destruction with our fruit, it would pay richly for the outlay.

The Best Dairy Cow.

Prof. Brown of the Ontario Experimental Farm has got a job on his hands—to determine the best breed of cows for the dairy. A paragraph from an article on the matter in the weekly *Wisconsin* reads as follows:

"The vexed question as to which is the best breed of cows for the dairy seems to be definitely settled in the most sensible and practical way, by putting each breed upon trial for its merits through first-class representatives, under similar and fair conditions, before competent and disinterested judges. Such a trial for seven consecutive months has been conducted by Prof. William Brown, of the Ontario Experimental Farm, with twelve different breeds for butter and also for cheese."

This is good, easy reasoning, but does such a trial settle the question? Not in any sense, and so far as definite knowledge is concerned Prof. Brown might have been engaged in better work. If questions in agriculture and stock husbandry could be settled as easily and as promptly as this, then the business would not be beset with the many complications now met.

A trial with a single animal of the several breeds simply showed a comparison for the time specified between the several individual animals. The whole plan of the experiment was faulty, from the fact that it was based on the impossibility of selecting a representative animal of a breed. No man, however trained his judgment may be, can select a cow of any breed that can be taken unquestioned as a fair and an equitable representative in all respects of her breed. For this reason a comparison of single animals is no comparison of breeds, and will not and should not be accepted by good judges in the matter as carrying any authority on the perplexing question of which is the best breed.

So long as cows are kept for the different purposes of milk, of butter, of cheese, and for all combined, there is no "best breed for the dairy." If Prof. Brown's work should show the performance of herds of the several breeds in the production of milk and of butter and of cheese, under like conditions, it would be valuable as indicating the adaptability of the breeds to each of the several purposes specified. But even here the work could only be set down as conditional, since there would come in the chance for error that a herd might not correctly or justly represent the breed. In these matters there will always be left a chance for a man to exercise judgment.

Hoeing.

Now is the time when the principal field crops need the cultivator and the hoe. There has been marked progress made in recent years in the work of field hoeing, and in the tools with which the work is carried on. Yet there are still many who do not keep up with the advances made, and it is by no means certain that the tools now generally used in carrying on this work are the best that can be devised. There is too much hoeing by rule. The system widely observed has been, that after certain other routine work incident to the season has been done, and the field disturbed by the work, the "first hoeing" is attended to. Then follows another season of other work till just before the work of laying is entered upon, when the crops are given a "second hoeing," and are then left for the season. This order has been handed down from a former generation and is still adhered to in full, or in part, by farmers generally. Systems as well in its way, but

New Jersey Experiment Station.

With the compliments of Prof. Cook, the Director, we some time since received a copy of the Sixth Annual Report of the New Jersey Experiment Station for the year 1885. This station under the direction of Prof. Geo. H. Cook, ably assisted by Prof. A. T. Neal as chemist, has been doing some of the best work of any that has been done in this country, and work that compares well with that at the older stations in Europe. The work for the year, like the previous work, has been largely in the direction of a chemical analysis of fertilizers, fertilizer stock, and feeding stuff, and experiments in feeding and in fertilization. One hundred forty-seven samples of fertilizers and eighty-two samples of fertilizer stock have been examined during the year. Field experiments have been carried on on fifteen different farms. A novel experiment in dairying on a large scale, with a view to testing the advantages of the business financially, was carried on with thirty-five cows and is reported in detail. It will thus be seen that this station undertaken a broader scope of work than most institutions of the kind, and the results secured indicate the many ways they may be made of unmeasured value to the public. The treasurer's report shows an expenditure of $13,229.82.

Penobscot County Grange.

The subject of associated dairying is to be discussed at the next meeting of the Penobscot County Grange, which meets at Garland, the third Saturday in June, and it is hoped all members who are interested in this important branch of farming will be present, as the farmers in that section of the county are anxious to get all the information on the subject possible. Garland and the adjoining towns is a fine farming section, and the subject assigned for consideration at this meeting is an important one, whether the people of this locality realize it or not. The Grange is a useful instrumentality in calling attention to matters of so vital importance to its members, and to the people at large. We are glad to record the evidence that this Pomona Grange is so active in promoting the welfare of its vicinage, not only in social directions, but also in substantial prosperity.

The Granular System of Butter Making.

The following excellent paper was prepared by Col. T. D. Curtis of New York for the Northwestern Dairymen's Association and read at their annual winter meeting held at Beloit, Wis. We copy it from the *National Live Stock Journal*, and commend it to the attention of Maine dairymen as sound in every particular. The granular system in butter making is one of the improvements of the age:

It is some ten or twelve years since the granular process of butter-making was brought to public attention, and at first talked of as a patented process, and it was at first claimed that butter kept in the granular state and worked with brine, would keep indefinitely. But this claim proved to be fallacious. Other conditions, such as exclusion of air and low temperature, are essential. Many at first disputed the possibility of washing butter properly in the granular condition, and insisted that the work was essential in getting out the buttermilk, but as some now dispute the possibility of salting sufficiently without working the undissolved salt into the butter. Every new thing has to meet the stupid opposition of ignorance. Some men put great stress on the size of salt, and 65 or 66 high grain will be carried a little farther than with its use—say, to the size of wheat kernels. It should be borne in mind, however, that the more the granules are combined the more caseous and albuminous matter will be incorporated with the butter. Once inclosed these cannot be washed out without working, and even then but imperfectly. By pouring water into the butter, after the buttermilk is drawn off, giving the churn a slight agitation, and then draining off the water—repeating the operation until the water runs clear—all the buttermilk adhering to the granules may be washed off and run away; but what is inclosed in the granules remains untouched. Hence will appear the advantage of having the granules as large as practicable, and also the disadvantage of agitating the butter in the buttermilk. It is the practice of most butter-makers, who follow the granular process, to gather butter-one washing in brine. Some say the butter should be allowed to stand in the brine fifteen minutes—half an hour; others say that if it stands over ten to fifteen minutes the brine it makes the butter shiny and fine. Here again I suspect temperature, if not other conditions, has something to do with the matter.

When the washing is done and the weight of butter ascertained, salt may be sprinkled over the butter in the churn, and stirred in with a paddle or fork. When dissolved it may be rolled into a compact mass, by giving the churn a few turns; or it may be taken out on a worker, and carefully pressed, if not working, to solid form; or it may even be put into the packages directly from the churn, care being taken that it is pressed solidly together. A butter packer should be used, and a moderate amount of butter put into the packages for each layer. Begin by pressing down the middle first, then work carefully in all directions toward the sides of the tub, driving all air out and finally up the sides of the package. Do not try to do the packing with the ladle. It can not be properly done, unless the butter is quite soft. The wrists and fingers are too valuable for good packing with the ladle, and it is almost impossible to avoid giving it a drawing or rubbing motion. Do not spat the butter with the ladle nor pound it with the packer.

In factory-and large dairies, after the butter is washed and drained, it may be taken out of the churn and placed on a butter table or worker for salting. The salt should be sprinkled evenly over the surface, after the butter is spread out, and then carefully stirred in. A common hay rake, made smooth by sand papering, is a good implement for this purpose. The butter should be properly drained before salting, letting all the water run off that will. If there is too much water, there will be either a waste of salt or too little salting. Every one must regulate this matter for himself. After the salt is all dissolved, which should be in a few minutes, pack directly into the tub, pressing it firmly down, or first press the butter into a solid mass and then pack. Every one can follow whichever method he thinks best or most convenient, but there should be no working of the butter.

The salt should be pure, fine and even-grained, and dissolve freely. No coarse, irregular-grained salt should be tolerated. No intelligent man will take the risk of using cheap salt of any kind. It does not cost over a mill a pound to salt butter with the best, thus not only avoiding all risk of loss, but probably adding to the market price of the butter, especially if it should be kept any time before being sold. Be careful to get salt that has not come in contact with any bad smelling substance, as salt is very sensitive to bad odors, and absorbs them as freely as any of the fats. Salt should also be handled with care, that dirt be not dusted through the bag, and it should be kept in a dry place, and with as much cleanliness as is bestowed upon the keeping of flour or any other sensitive article of food. If any first-class dairy salt has a disagreeable odor, it may be known that it has absorbed it from something with which it has come in contact. Dealers are often to blame for not bestowing sufficient care on the storing of salt, and purchasers often ruin their salt by jouncing it home in a dirty wagon, or putting it in an unfit place when they get it home.

I have somewhat got ahead of my subject, and said nothing about churning. This, however, does not necessarily come within the range of my subject, "The Granular System of my Butter and its Advantages," which begins where churning ends. I will say that the range of temperature for churning is much wider than has been supposed. Major Henry E. Alvord of Houghton Farm, New York, puts the range from 55 to 70 degrees. Some cream, I don't put your steers into the yard with the manure to their knees, for that would be as bad as for the flies to eat them up. Treat them kindly and give them their meal when you first put them in the barn, and they will in a day or two learn what you intend it will be at the bars ready to go in every morning without much trouble to their owners. At any other time of the year to fatten cattle always let them have all you give them their meal and then they will feed the last thing at night, then their meal will stay in their stomachs until the whole herd is fed and the cost of producing a pound of beef will not be materially estimated, as different localities produce different results.

I would like to ask Professor Jordan to give us ignorant farmers a more minute description of the cost of a ton of phosphate. Tell us how it reduces out the Cumberland, or Bradley, or any other phosphate to cost $28, $33, $35, or any number of dollars he may make out? I have been experimenting a little further than with its use in the raw state, and will admit the use of phosphates. I think I can give the farmers a little information on the matter, and will before the year is gone. If we have got any humbugs they should be shown up.

A. O. FIELD.

Penobscot, North Plymouth.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Cheap Silo.

Mr. Editor: In the *Farmer* of May 27, E. W. Dutton asks if "a cheap silo can be built above ground and not have the fodder injured, and if having five years since built one as described, I will give the correspondent the benefit of my experience.

My barn stands upon a side hill, and the silo I built my silo being about eight feet below the barn floor. This lower story was boarded and shingled the same as the rest of the barn. I set studding upon the inside of that that the boarding was nailed to, bringing it to a level with the ground sill, I then boarded up on the inside of the studding, making a space eight inches. This space was filled with sawdust. The two inner sides were simply one joist, 3x4, set edgewise, making a wall with a space of 4 inches. The silo was built in this way to the girt, making it 16 feet deep and 14 long, by 12 wide. The ground being dry, I simply spread a few inches of sawdust, and upon this I laid down some boards, and my silo with a capacity of some fifty tons was not over twenty-five dollars, was completed. The boards with which I built this were just as they came from the saw. I have filled this silo three times and my corn planted ready to fill again. Some in the vicinity plank up the inside with matched plank and do not fill with sawdust, simply leaving an air space, and have no difficulty with frost. Should your correspondent wish for further information and will call on me, I will endeavor to give him what light in the matter that I can.

RUFUS PRINCE.

South Turner, May 29.

For the Maine Farmer.

Waiting-Time Essays—No. 4.

Farm Fences.

We are aware that there is a great diversity of opinion upon this topic of fences, and we think that all will admit there is too much fence in many sections of our State. We think that in many cases fences which are now kept up are wholly unnecessary. The earlier settlers of New England, judging by appearances, seemed possessed with a very severe mania for building fences, especially stone walls. While it is far from us to find fault with, or criticise our fathers in this respect, we do it with the acknowledgment that they were laboring under a mistake and doubtless did the best they knew. It was not possible for them to foresee that such an amount of fence would prove a nuisance to their descendants; and so we find farms divided and subdivided with fences, which, to say the least, are not needed at the present time, if they ever were. It might have been convenient to lay their rocks into stone walls, the worst of all fences, when the better way? We think we have good reasons for saying that it was not.

In no case is this question of fences more applicable than by the road-side. And when we come to this part of the subject, we are not so much disposed to blame those who have gone before us in life's pathway. It may be true that the tendency to keep the roads fenced was inherited, but this is no excuse for continuing in evil. It is a fact, which we will not attempt to contradict, that under some circumstances road fences are an absolute necessity. This may be due in part to the general division and arrangements of the farm, which it may not be desirable to utter. Yet, there are many cases where it would be wisdom to make such changes as would permit the abolishment of the fences by the roadside. One advantage which should not be lost sight of, is this: by removing our road fences we should not be compelled to shovel so many snow-drifts in winter as we now do. This consideration, while it is outside of farm management, is one that affects the whole public. It is inclined to drift; and where the State of Maine will it not drift if it has a fence to fall over?

The "looks of the thing" will also be greatly improved if the fences are removed from the roads, for it is, to our mind, more pleasant to see a smooth, well tilled field bordering upon the roadway, than to see that same field fenced in with a stone wall, or rail fence, which is not always kept neatly repaired. Where the roads are fenced, there seems to be a tendency to keep the roadside cluttered up with brush, rocks, and general rubbish, things which ought, for the sake of appearances, to be relegated to some less conspicuous place. The fences removed, it naturally follows that these things will find their proper places, as one improvement leads to another. But the part of the subject which is of vital importance to the great majority of the agricultural class, is that of the necessary expense attending the building and repairing so much *unnecessary* fence. To maintain one mile of fence, either by the road or between the fields, incurs a tax that no farmers can afford to meet unless it is actually necessary.

One other consideration, which we fear is too often slightly felt and overlooked, is the large waste of land that our needless fences occupy and cultivating around them. We think that we are justified in saying that the average of fences occupy at least one fourth of a rod wide. If this be true, then for every mile of fence we have half an acre of land that gives us no income, but rather is an expense. And when we take into consideration the fact, that there is always more or less space of ground beside the fence that cannot be cultivated as well as the rest of the field, and that it is so convenient to pick up a load of wood, and dump them beside the fence, we think that we are justified in claiming that every mile of fence practically spoils at least one acre for purposes of cultivation.

We have said that much of the land occupied by fences is rendered worse than useless, and so it is. As a place of refuge for bushes and weeds, many fences do an amount of damage that cannot be well estimated. We think that all will admit the truth of the remark when we say that wherever spreads weeds upon our farms is the most formidable obstacle to be overcome if possible. While it is not absolutely necessary that fence corners should be allowed to grow up with weeds, it is certainly a very common sight to see them thus ornamented.

While we advocate the removal of all needless fences, we believe that where it is necessary to have fences only good ones should be maintained. A lot of brush thrown together may answer as a substitute for a fence until your stock discover the delusion, and then it has failed in all of its charms, if indeed it ever had any. We may call a lot of rocks dumped one load upon another a stone wall, your stock, or your neighbors may call it nothing but a pile of rocks, and walk over it to get "out of the thing." If they should happen to make an opening in it, which would be a very natural one, don't blame them too much for it, you might do the same if placed in the same circumstances. Then keep good fences and none where they are not needed.

If our forefathers had a mania for building fences, it has been inherited in some instances very largely. Men will still keep on digging rocks and laying them up in walls, only to have them fall down to be laid up over again. Would it not be better when clearing stones from fields to put them in some "out of the way" place where they would not need to be moved by some person in the future? We think that some place can be found on nearly every farm building walls through the moving fields or by the road-side.

This is a subject of importance to the farmers of Maine, for whatever takes from their income, or adds to their expenses unnecessarily, demands the attention of every farmer, not only in our own good State, but in every part of the world as well. Then, as this matter of fences affects the financial affairs of farmers, or "touches our pocket books," we should be interested in doing away with all fences that are not needed; and there are doubtless thousands of miles of such fences in this State, which could be removed at will of the owners to their advantage.

Large bodies move slowly but with great momentum. Thus, while the large mass of farmers may move extremely slow in this reform, they will ultimately accomplish a great work in this direction. In the past history of agriculture the fact is quite apparent, that all great improvements have been the work of many years. Then we need not expect to see all farm fences not needed done away with in one year, nor in two; but perhaps twenty-five years (?) may be sufficient to accomplish this thing. Meanwhile it can best be brought about by each one doing his own part in the matter. Don't build any more walls or fence-field for the sake of getting rid of rocks; don't draw rocks against the wall or fence where they will be a source of annoyance to you ever after; but put them in some out of the way place and let them stay there. Remove all road fences where not perceived. We think that we can thereby greatly reduce your expenses, add to your income, beautify your premises, and make a general improvement in the condition of your farm.

MATHEMATICAL. One thousand shingles laid 4 inches to the weather will cover 104 square feet of surface, 4½ inches 117 square feet, 4⅝ inches 120 square feet, 5 inches 130 square feet, 5½ inches 136½ square feet, 5⅝ inches 143 square feet, 5¾ square feet, 6 inches 156 square feet. Rule, allow 26 square feet per thousand to the inch. Shingles are laid to the weather. A box 16 inches square and 8 3-5 inches deep, will contain one bushel. A box 16 inches by 8 2-5 inches wide and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel. A box 16 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep, will contain a barrel. (3 bushels). A box 8 inches by 8 2-5 inches, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck. A box 8 by 8 inches square, and 4 1-5 inches deep, will contain one gallon. A box 7 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 4 4-5 inches deep, will contain half a gallon. A box 4 by 4 inches square, and 4 1-5 inches deep, will contain one quart.

G. T. S.

A Tribute to Flowers.

Flowers form one of the most important factors of civilization. It seems to have pleased the All-wise Maker of the universe to beautify the hillsides, the valleys, the forest, and even the low ground that is frequently quite covered with water, with lovely and beautiful flowers. Then why should not man, who was made after the image of his Maker, and has some of those longings for the beautiful and the perfect, follow such a pleasing example, and cultivate the flowers that have been given him so plentifully, and thereby beautify his home?

There is not a home in our broad land but has some little spot, some quiet corner, or many window, that can be utilized in the growth of some little blossoms. The influence that flowers exert in civilization as well as the cultivation of our minds for the beautiful things that surround us, is, as I have said, great and important. There are few whose nature is so coarse, or so hardened by the surroundings in which they have been thrown, that the sight and smell of lovely flowers will not draw forth a pleased look or a gentle smile, giving ample evidence of the great influence of flowers in softening their nature, causing sweet smiles and gentle words to be given to those who may be inmates of their homes. These influences that awaken in him a desire for the beautiful rose, also other qualities that reach far toward the front rank of civilization, all impress him with a longing for knowledge of the fine arts, of some of the chemical laws, of artistic designs, and many others. Nothing can compare with them in making an impression upon the special senses. The eye sweeps its glance over the vast track before it, and catching quickly at the beautiful blossom, rests upon it as though spellbound for the time. With almost the same instinct the nerves of the sense of smell are brought into play.

These impressions rouse in us a desire to perpetuate their existence, cultivate their beautiful things that surround us, is, as I have been so hardened by the surroundings in which they have been thrown, that the sight and smell of lovely flowers will not draw forth a pleased look or a gentle smile, of flowers in softening their nature, causing sweet smiles and gentle words to be given to those who may be inmates of their homes. These influences that awaken in him a desire for the beautiful rose, also other qualities that reach far toward the front rank of civilization, all impress him with a longing for knowledge of the fine arts, of some of the chemical laws, of artistic designs, and many others. Nothing can compare with them in making an impression upon the special senses. The eye sweeps its glance over the vast track before it, and catching quickly at the beautiful blossom, rests upon it as though spellbound for the time. With almost the same instinct the nerves of the sense of smell are brought into play.

These impressions rouse in us a desire to perpetuate their existence, cultivate their return, bring them forward in their greatest beauty, and grow them luxuriantly. There is not one of us but can decide in a moment as to the happiness and comforts of those homes in which flowers are cultivated, and those in which they are not. In the former, more comfort, more thrift, more pleasure and happiness than in the latter, which always appears cheerless and desolate. We could hardly be doing justice to this subject not to mention the healthful influence which flowers exert upon our homes. It is not possible for any one to see a special flower to be awakened as they are by special floriculture without rousing up to a vigorous energy every drooping faculty we possess.

It has fallen to my lot on many occasions to witness the inspiring influence of a bunch of flowers. As they have been introduced into the room and presented to the view of the patient, the seeming reverend energy, the manner in which he puts forth his feeble hand to grasp them, and raises his weakened voice, tells too well the pleasure he has derived from the sight and smell of the bouquet; and as it strips of its fascination. They fill the sick chamber with a perfume which acts pleasantly on the patient, as well as in some degree as a disinfectant in the room in which they are confined.

Flowers are acceptable and agreeable to all, bringing up thoughts and acts which are like the waves of the ocean. Their influence not only in their immediate presence, but gliding over the far outstretch of sea bounds on its return to new and coming generations, and finally its great good will not cease until the ages of time.

Then let us all among and cultivate flowers, and as much as possible present their lives by pleasing all beholders around us, and as we fade away still hold as they, the crowning place in the realms of beauty.

Dr. Horace Tupper, in Michigan Horticulturist.

A Boy on a Farm.

Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What a boy would be the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in a hurry, and always expected to do the most difficult things. After everybody else is through, he is to finish up. He is a woman's—perpetually waiting on others—everybody knows how much easier it is to cook and dinner than to wash the dishes afterwards—and the boy on a farm is required to do the things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede, they would tire before night. His two good limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the labor he has to have as many legs as a wheel goes round, and rotate in about the same way. This he tries to do, and when the wheels along the side of the road-bed, he rides the horse to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks the potatoes when they are ripe; he helps bring in the hay, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of the house, there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter, he shovels paths; in the summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and where the flags, but instead of going for them, he is to stay in school and get apples and stone raising and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of the images of what he would like to do, and his hands full of the occupation, he is an idle boy who has not to encounter, and several to this day defy all medical skill, whether calling for treatment from impurities of the chest, fluids, and sympathizes with all the other organs of the body. It is to the outward animal organism what the mucous membrane is to the internal, and therefore is a continuation of the other, modified in its character by the position and the office it has to fill.

This is why the skin is an index to the life, health, and character of the horse. The hair is really an appendage of the skin, and corresponds with it in quality. So is it with the mane, tail, and hoofs, and a feverish condition of the skin quickly shows itself in all these appendages. It is important, therefore, to see that a horse has a fine, pliable skin and glossy coat. For these in combination are to the character and condition of the horse what the thermometer and barometer are to the temperature and hydrometrical condition of the atmosphere. Allowance may be made for local and transitory diseases, as also for the underlying states of the weather, but the underlying principles remain the same at all times. Proper care, grooming, feeding, and use of the horse will keep it in good condition, which will be indicated by the expression of the skin.

Maine bred horses are already attracting attention in the early races of the season. At Saugus last week, the Bangor horse Nettie Torrey, by Coupon, by Gen. Knox, and Belchen Maid, by Geo. M. Patchen, driven by C. F. Wadsworth, Hiram, Me., won first money in the three minute class, trotting in 2.35¼, 2.33¼, 2.33¼. It looks as though the Knox family would have a monopoly of representative in the thirty class before long. In the 2.50 class the contest was between George Jones, by Geelding, and the brown mare Nina, the mare winning the third and fifth heats in 2.33 and 2.34½, though losing the race to George Jones who won in 2.36½, 2.30 and 2.35½. The gelding is by Quicksilver, a son of Daniel Drew, was bred by S. W. Turner, Plainfield, Me., while the mare was bred by E. Hale, North Anson, Me., and is only five years old, by another Quicksilver horse, Belmire, dam by Tom Patchen. Here are three Maine bred horses almost certain to enter the "charmed circle" before the season closes, while one has already entered.

The American trotting stallion Amber, that was sold to an Austrian gentleman two years ago, is regarded in that country as something wonderful in the equine line. His winnings last season amounted to $6,000, and an offer of $10,000 has been refused for him. He has plenty of speed, and not long ago showed a mile in 2.34.

An Arab maxim is that in selecting a horse observe him at the brook. If a horse bringing his head to the water he remains square, without bending his legs, he is said to possess sterling qualities. This it is claimed proves that all parts of his body are symmetrically built.

Nutwood and Sultan, two of the greatest sires of trotters now living, have what is termed "the Messenger pitch," as they stand higher behind than in front.

Horse Department.

Maine Colt Stakes.

In our last issue we gave the entries for the Maine Colt Stakes, with a brief comment by Dr. Bailey. We trust that every one will read what was to be read between the lines of that communication. A stranger glancing over our State papers would be led to think that our doorways were full of trotting wonders. Hardly a paper but records the wonderful speed of this or that colt. The stallions that are to be found in every town and village are "sired by" well bred, but from the very best families, and m

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 10, 1886.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

J. H. PRATT will call upon our subscribers in Kennebec county during June.

C. S. ATER will call on our subscribers in Franklin county during June.

The Maine Central's new steamer "Sappho," built at Bath, had her trial trip on Saturday, with the most gratifying results. It is a grand specimen of work.

Mr. Henry A. Wing, recently of the Bangor *Commercial*, has became connected with the Portland *Daily Press*, on the editorial staff.

The Senior class at the Maine State College are issuing elegant invitations for their grand commencement concert and ball to be given in the Town Hall, Orono, Wednesday evening, June 30th.

We wish the veteran, wounded soldier and editor, Capt. Keyes, who retires for the present from the Farmington *Chronicle*, the rest and recreation which his services have fairly earned.

A "Subscriber" in Eden, who desires a description of certain lava on currant bushes, furnishes too meagre a description on which to found an opinion, and furthermore forgot to sign his name.

Milwaukee is discouraging boycotting as promptly as she discouraged socialism. Fourteen boycotters have been arrested in one night, and not one of them is allowed to go on bail of less than one thousand dollars. They will learn that a conspiracy is a costly venture.

Our congratulations to the President of the United States and his young and beautiful bride. A good girl gains a husband, and the lonesome White House gains a mistress endued with youth, beauty, and intellectual capacity. We also congratulate the nation that its Chief Magistrate has entered upon the only true life here below.

Only a little while ago John Most was urging his fellow Anarchists to arm themselves and drill and prepare to overthrow what he called the "capitalistic" classes. Now he is engaged in actual drilling in the blacksmith shop on Blackwell's "Island. During his year there some respect for law and for the rights of other men may be drilled into him.

The setting aside of the Bankruptcy bill, by the Senate, virtually disposes of whatever chance the bill had of passing the Senate at this session, and in view of the unpromising character of the canvass recently made of the House of Representatives by Congressman C. Collins, makes it highly improbable that the bill will become a law, or that any other bankruptcy legislation will be secured during the life of the 49th Congress.

A class of fourteen ladies and four gentlemen graduated from the Normal school at Castine, Thursday morning. Addresses were given by R. Woodbury and Hon. Samuel Libbey. The diplomas were given by State Superintendent Luce. The trustees reelected Principal Woodbury, Teachers, Hewes, Foster, Comstock, and elected Doctor B. E. Philbrook in place of J. R. Patten, and Mabel F. Simmons in place of Lucia Haskell, who has resigned.

The latest swindling scheme is the following: A man goes through the rural regions with a can of salt put up in jars, which he calls a stump consuming powder. His instructions are to bore a hole in the stump, put in the powder, plug up the hole, let it stand for six weeks and then set the stump afire and it will burn way down below plow line. The six weeks' provision is a wise one, for it allowed the agent to get away. An examination of the powder, however, has proved its worthless qualities, and the farmers who invested in it can't find time to talk about it.

The following is said to be the official explanation of the reason why Attorney General Garland did not attend the President's wedding: At the death of his wife some years ago he made a vow never to enter into the social festivities again. He has kept this vow, and through all the long years following that sad event he has abstained rigorously from all parties, weddings and other social reunions, devoting the most of the time after office hours to the care and attention of his aged mother. He did not even attend the wedding of his son a year ago, although his son married with his full approbation.

The friends of justice everywhere ought to be thankful for the good backbone of the judges in New York. On Wednesday Herr Most, the Anarchist, was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and fined $500. His associate Braunschweig got nine months and a fine of $250. Schenck was sent to the penitentiary for nine months but not fined. Recorder Smyth in sentencing Most expressed a deep regret that the law did not permit him to impose a heavier sentence. His crimes, he said, deserved the punishment awarded to capital offences. He also told him he was the greatest scoundrel he had ever seen at that bar. Braunschweig, the recorder said, was almost equally guilty. Schenck he thought was a dupe of his companions, but he deserved punishment to warn him and others against following the teaching of such men as Most. Neither of the prisoners attempted to speak a word in court.

State Bank Examiner Richards has completed his semi-annual examination of the 54 savings banks of this State, and finds that the aggregate deposits May 1, were $36,393,504.95, an increase during six months of $1,181,964.91. The excess of assets over actual liabilities is $4,583,719.76, an increase during the year of $483,972.80. In other words, the entire number of banks could convert their assets into cash and pay their depositors $112.50 for every $100 deposited. There is no truth in the report that the dividends of the banks will be reduced to three per cent. per annum the present year. That matter is in the hands of the trustees of these institutions, and they will, as in the past, declare such a dividend as is authorized by the earnings of these institutions; and while it may be true that some of the banks will be obliged to reduce the rate, the large proportion of them will probably be able to pay four per cent. as heretofore.

Commander Lane of the department of Maine has issued an address to comrades who intend to visit San Francisco and be present at the National Encampment. The departure from Portland will be July 32. From Chicago to San Francisco the route will be by the Chicago, Milwaukie and St. Paul, Union & Central Pacific Railways, including side trips to Denver, Col., and to Salt Lake City; returning by the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe, or the Southern, or Northern Pacific Railroads at the option of comrades. The round trip railroad ticket from Portland and return, is at present stated at $88.00. It is confidently believed that the rate will be considerably lower by July 22. The Maine Central Railroad Co., will give one fare from all points on line of road to Portland and return. Comrades returning by the Northern Pacific Railroad must pay $12.50 additional for steamship trip from San Francisco, Cal., to Portland, Oregon, which includes a stateroom and meals. A double berth in sleeping car from Portland to San Francisco costs $22.00; a section, $44.00. Two persons can comfortably occupy a berth. Comrades intending to make the trip, will please notify Department Headquarters at once, in order that all circulars on the subject may be mailed to them direct as soon as issued. Comrades desiring sleeping car and hotel accommodations, should apply to Department Headquarters for the same at once.

Out-of-Door Life.

No one can go about much in the country districts without being struck with the little use made of out-doors by a majority of the inhabitants, except as a place to work in. The custom of getting rest and enjoyment, comfort and delight, out of it, is too much abandoned to city folks. There are too many farming communities, even in New England, where a woman is looked upon as either shiftless or "queer" if she takes a book and seeks a shady nook under some favorite tree, or goes into the fields and woods for the simple pleasure of it. To climb a hill just to see a sunset is regarded as a strange use of time and energy. A pail of berries will warrant such an excursion, but not the mere "nothing" of seeing, or hearing, or enjoying anything under the sun. Every country house ought to have its "best room" out of doors in pleasant weather—from June to October; but the farmers are few who take the trouble to utilize a grove or plant a clump of trees for such a purpose. A few hours' work in the spring in "slicking up," a swing hung for the children, a hammock or two for the elders, with some comfortable chairs or fixed seats under the trees, will transform a little grove into a bower of comfort. Of course we anticipate the ready retort, that farmers and their families have something to do in the summer season beside swinging in the hammocks or loafing under the trees. We know the life perfectly well; and all the more earnestly, because of this knowledge, we insist that there should be more comfort and repose and beauty brought into it. There are the Sundays, the rest after meals, the leisurely spells between rushes of work, and the twilight hours, when it is quite possible to give to rest a relish which it does not ordinarily have. Very few housewives, even those most proud of their "parlor," ever think of resting in it. The other rooms are swarming with flies, or filled with the heat and smell of cooking or housework. The good wife needs to get away from even the associates of work once in a while—to be soothed by the music of the pines or the waves, and to rest amid the freedom and quiet of nature. In riding through the country, the other day, we were struck with the number of houses whose blinds and doors were closed—almost hermetrically sealed—not even a stray ray of God's pure sunlight allowed to enter. The dampness of death must settle upon such households, and if this practice is continued, the only hope of the future of such families is that the children will by the very force of circumstances be driven out of doors, and thus their young lives be allowed to expand.

Bogus Butter to be Taxed.

The House of Representatives has passed the bill taxing oleomargarine, and it has gone to the Senate, where it was referred to the committee on Agriculture. No fears are expressed that it will not pass that body, but the opinion is entertained in some quarters in Washington that it will receive the veto of the President. We regard this as mere conjecture.

This bill to tax imitation butter has occupied the time of the House since the 25th of May. The contest over this measure has been the most remarkable at this session of Congress. On the first vote taken in the House which could in any way be regarded as a test, there were only thirty votes in opposition to the measure. Since that time a most active and persistent lobby has been at work to defeat it, but the bill was finally passed on Thursday last, by a vote of 177 yeas to 101 nays. On the motion to reduce the tax to 3 cents a pound there was only a majority of 11 votes in the negative. The only important amendment made Thursday was one reducing the tax from ten to five cents a pound. On that the vote was 153 in the affirmative and 122 in the negative. That motion was made by Mr. Hatch, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, by direction of his committee, though he was personally opposed to it.

All the New England representatives voted for the tax, and in view of the bitter contest that has been made against it, the farmers of the country have reason to congratulate themselves on the real triumph.

The bill as it passed the House, contains the following features: Butter is defined to be a food project made exclusively from milk or cream, or both, with or without common salt and with or without additional coloring matter. Oleomargarine is defined as "all substances made of oleomargarine oleo, oleomargarine oil, butterine, lardine, suine and neutral; all mixtures and compounds of oleomargarine, oleo, oleomargarine oil, butterine, lardine, suine and neutral; all lard extracts and tallow extracts; and all mixtures and compounds of tallow, beef fat, suet, lard, lard oil, vegetable oil, annotto, and other coloring matter, intestinal fat and offal fat made in imitation or semblance of butter, or when so made, calculated or intended to be sold as butter or for butter."

Special taxes are imposed as follows: On manufactures, $600; on wholesale dealers, $480; on retail dealers, $48. The existing internal revenue laws, so far as applicable, are made to apply to these special taxes. Penalties are imposed on any person who shall deal in oleomargarine without paying the special tax. Provision is made for the proper stamping and labelling of every package of oleomargarine. A tax of five cents a pound is imposed on all oleomargarine manufactured and sold, and a penalty is prescribed for the purchase or reception for sale of oleomargarine not branded or stamped according to law. A number of sections of the bill are devoted to providing machinery to carry the law into effect.

The *Rockland Courier-Gazette* thus notices a pleasant event that recently occurred in that city. Mr. Rice is a son of the late Judge Rice of Augusta, and a leading member of the Knox county bar, while his estimable wife is a daughter of Judge Baker of Hallowell:

The event in Rockland society for the season was the reception Saturday afternoon given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Rice, at their handsome home on Middle street, the occasion marking the twenty-fifth anniversary of that couple's marriage. From three o'clock to six, the entrance to the house was thronged with guests, who arrived and departed in steady stream, until the number of several hundred. Mr. and Mrs. Rice received their guests as they entered the parlor, being assisted by Mrs. Rice's parents, Judge Baker and wife of Hallowell, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wesley Dunn of Waterville, and Mervyn Ap Rice who came home from Phillips-Exeter to participate in the occasion. In the large sitting and dining rooms refreshments of delicious character were served the guests. The fine interior of the house was still further beautified by a luxurious profusion of roses and other cut flowers, whose perfume filled all the rooms. The invitations issued had expressly stated "no presents," but there were, however, a number of beautiful and costly ones made, though they were not shown—if we except an exquisite silver spoon, the gift of Mr. Rice to his wife, which hung in a modest corner of the dining-room and was greatly admired. A pleasant feature of the occasion was a poem written by Mrs. Dunn, which being of personal character we forbear printing. Rockland never turned out in so great numbers to any social event as to this reception, and may be well regarded as an unqualified success. The toilets of the ladies were many of them of beautiful and elaborate character and contributed largely to the attractiveness of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Rice are to be congratulated, not only upon the pleasant fates that have enabled them to so happily round out a quarter-century of married life, but also upon the pleasant and successful manner in which they crowned the conclusion of that lengthy period of connubial felicity.

DELEGATES TO THE FARMERS' CONGRESS. In accordance with instructions from the president of the Farmers' National Congress, these delegates have been appointed to represent this State at the next session of the Congress in St. Paul, Minn., on August 23d:

First District—A. L. Moore, Limerick; L. B. Dennett, Portland.
Second District—Rufus Prince, Turner; J. W. Lang, Bowdoinham.
Third District—H. C. Burleigh, Vassalboro; A. L. Brown, Belfast.
Fourth District—Prof. Walter Balentine, Orono; Edward Wiggin, Presque Isle.
At Large—Prof. W. H. Jordan, Orono; W. P. Atherton, Hallowell; J. M. Deering, Saco; Z. A. Gilbert, Greene.

The *Live Stock Journal*, formerly published by Mr. Ferris, is now published by Ford & Rich, at Portland, for one dollar a year. Mr. F. G. Rich gives his personal attention to this valuable publication, and is largely increasing its circulation and usefulness.

Graduating exercises occurred at the Normal School at Farmington this week, the school sending out the 23d graduating class.

The President's Wedding.

Other weddings there have been at the White House, eight in all, but never before Wednesday has the highest dignitary in the land bowed his head within its historic walls to receive the blessing of the church on his union in the holy bonds of matrimony. All the afternoon a crowd was gathered on the sidewalk near the portico of the White House, ragged urchins and ladies clad in their silks and satins. The irrepressible newspaper man was also there, with pencil well sharpened and eyes and ears wide open.

The successive arrivals of guests were watched with interest, and their names whispered by the more knowing to their companions. Suddenly the strains of a wedding march floated through the open window, and there was a general exclamation from the outside crowd of "service has begun." Then there came a tantalizing hush, which was soon ended by the strains of the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," and it was thereby known that the ceremony was over.

About half past 6 o'clock the wedding guests began to arrive at the White House, their carriages rolling up to the main door of the mansion through the great iron gates on Pennsylvania avenue. Following is a complete list of those present: Mrs. Folsom, mother of the bride; Rev. Mr. Cleveland, the President's brother; Miss Cleveland and Mrs. Hoyt, the President's sisters; Thomas H. Bayard, Secretary of State; Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, Mrs. Manning; William Endicott, Secretary of War, Mrs. Endicott, William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, Mrs. Whitney; Wm. F. Vilas, Postmaster General, Mrs. Vilas, L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior; Mrs. Lamont, Benj. Folsom of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Seneca Falls, N. Y., Mrs. Codman and Miss Huddeston of Detroit, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Harmon of Boston, relatives of the bride; Miss Nelson of New York, Mr. W. S. Bissell of Buffalo, the President's former law partner, and Dr. and Mrs. Byron Sunderland. Attorney General Garland, although invited, was not present.

For a few minutes the guests chatted gaily, but the conversation was quickly suspended at 7.15 o'clock when a selected orchestra from the Marine Band, stationed in the corridor, struck up the familiar strains of a wedding march from Mendelssohn's "Mid-summer Night's Dream;" and all eyes were turned to the doorway to catch the first glimpse of the coming bride and groom.

Starting from the western corridor on the upper floor, the President came slowly down the western staircase with his bride leaning on his arm. They were unaccompanied. Even the bride's mother awaited her with the other guests. Passing through the central corridor, the bride and groom entered the blue Room, and took position near its southern walls, which was completely hidden from sight by a mass of nodding palms, tropical grasses and an endless variety of choice flowers. Three crystal chandeliers poured a flood of mellow radiance upon the scene, and the colors of massive banks of scarlet begonias and royal jaqueminot roses, mingling with blue and silver tints of the frescoed walls and ceiling, gave a warm and glowing tone to the brilliant interior. The delicate ivory shades of the bride's wedding gown found an exquisite setting in the masses of crimson roses immediately beyond. The President was in full evening dress, with a turn down collar, white lawn necktie and white enamel studs.

A hush fell upon the assemblage as Dr. Sunderland stepped forward to his position fronting the wedding couple, with Rev. Wm. Cleveland, the President's brother, at his left hand, in a distinct tone and with deliberate utterance, the Doctor began the simple and beautiful wedding service. After a petition to Almighty God to bestow His blessings upon the wedding couple, and an address to the people upon the holiness of the bonds of matrimony, the service proceeded as follows:

Minister (addressing himself to bride and groom)—If you desire to be united in marriage, you will signify the same by joining your right hands.

The groom and bride joined hands.

Minister—Groover, do you take this woman whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of wedlock; do you promise to love her, cherish, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, and forsaking all others keep you only unto her so long as you both shall live?

Groom (firmly by the hand, the ring)—I do.

Minister—Frances, do you take this man whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of wedlock; do you promise to love him, honor, comfort and keep him in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, and forsaking all others keep you only unto him so long as you both shall live?

Bride (in a firm but clear voice)—I do.

Dr. Sunderland (solemnly)—Forasmuch as Grover and Frances have here agreed and covenanted to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of wedlock, and have confirmed the same by giving and taking the wedding ring, now, therefore, in the presence of this company, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, I pronounce and declare that they are husband and wife; and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

Rev. Mr. Cleveland then pronounced the following benediction: "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, bless, preserve and keep you; the Lord mercifully fill you with all temporal and all spiritual blessings, and grant that ye may so live together in this world that in the world to come you may have life everlasting; Amen."

At the conclusion of the ceremony Mrs. Folsom, showing traces of deep emotion, was the first to tender her congratulations to the newly married pair. She was followed by Miss Cleveland, Rev. Mr. Cleveland and the other relatives and friends in turn.

While the congratulations were in progress the band performed a bridal chorus and a march from "Lohengrin." To this music the President and his wife led the way into the East room. The adornments of this noble hall were in keeping with its majestic proportions, and its ample space and brilliant illumination afforded opportunity for a fitting display of the ladies' toilets.

The bride wore an enchanting wedding dress of ivory satin, simply garnished on the high corsage with India muslin crossed in graceful folds. This dress was described in these columns two weeks ago. The orange-blossom garniture commenced on the veil in a superb coronet, and was continued throughout the costume with artistic skill. Her veil of tulle, about five yards in length, completely enveloped her, falling to the edge of the petticoat in front, and extending the length of her full court train. She carried no flowers, and wore no jewelry except the engagement ring, which contained a sapphire and two diamonds.

From the East room the company proceeded after a season of promenading and conversation to the dining room of the mansion, where the wedding supper was served. There was no formal order in the supper room, but a collation was served and the guests ate at small tables or slowly promenaded the room as they discussed the *ménue* and chatted over the event of the evening. Elegant designed souvenirs, satin boxes containing dainty slips of bridal cake and each one bearing a hand painted monogram "C. F.," were received with great admiration.

While the orchestra was playing one of its happiest selections, and the guests were gathered about the table, the bride quietly slipped away to her room and changed her wedding dress for a heavy grey silk traveling dress. She then returned to her company, and was soon afterwards joined by the President who had, in the meantime changed his dress suit for a travelling costume. This was about 8.30 o'clock and the President and his bride said a hasty good bye to their friends and left the house through the private exit from the Red room into the south grounds. A closed carriage awaited them, and as they entered the carriage it was driven directly to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad station, where a special train was in waiting to take the President and his bride to Deer Park, a famous summer resort in Maryland, 3000 feet above the sea. They were escorted through the station and into a car prepared for them without attracting attention, and at 9 o'clock the train started off to its destination. The President and bride were wholly unaccompanied on this journey. They remained at Deer Park until Tuesday evening, when they returned to Washington.

The wedding presents were many, but they are not yet exhibited, nor will any list be furnished. This is in deference to the wishes of the President. The groom's gift was a handsome diamond necklace, composed of a single string of brilliants. The presents from the Cabinet officers and their wives were mostly articles of jewelry, though there were several beautiful presents of silverware.

Just as the wedding ceremony, begun, a Presidential salute was fired by a battery of artillery near the river, and the chime of bells of the Metropolitan M. E. church pealed forth Mendelssohn's wedding march, and the bells in other churches joined in a happy salute. The gentlemen present at the wedding were not fortunate enough to receive the salute from the bride, who confined her kisses to the ladies. Otherwise the ceremony was orthodox in form. Queen Victoria sent the President congratulations.

The Democratic State Convention.

We last week announced that Col. Clark S. Edwards was nomnated for Governor by the democrats at their State convention in Bangor, and gave a brief notice of the candidate. There were 909 delegates present. Hon. John B. Redman, who was the standard bearer two years ago, withdrew from the contest. The following State committee was appointed:

Androscoggin—W. W. Sanborn.
Aroostook—V. B. Wilson.
Cumberland—Kimball Eastman.
Franklin—S. Clifford Belcher.
Hancock—E. H. Greeley.
Knox—J. C. Levensaler.
Kennebec—S. S. Brown.
Lincoln—Chas. Weeks.
Oxford—D. R. Hastings.
Penobscot—John Caskly.
Piscataquis—Fred W. Knowlton.
Sagadahoc—Charles M. Foster.
Somerset—W. R. G. Estes.
Waldo—Charles Baker.
Washington—James R. Talbot.
York—Wm. Emery.

Upon motion of Colonel A. W. Bradbury of Portland, the following resolution was presented and passed by a rising vote:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Maine offer their cordial sympathy to the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone in his struggle for home rule in Ireland, for the double reason that it releases a people from bondage and practically asserts the democratic doctrine upon which our Union was founded, that the States have a right to regulate their own domestic affairs.

Following is the platform adopted:

We, the representatives of the Democracy of Maine, in convention assembled, do announce the following platform of principles:

We declare our adherence to the principles of the National democracy, as enunciated in the platform of the democratic National convention of 1884.

We endorse the able, honest and incorruptible administration of President Cleveland, and pledge him our earnest and unfaltering support.

Resolved, That the democratic party as in the past, so in the present, is the friend of labor and laboring men, and sympathizes with labor in the impending struggle for its rights against the oppression of capital and monopoly; and that it favors all legislation which will tend to an equitable distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly and to the strict enforcement of individual right against corporate abuses; and that it especially favors the enactment of laws by which labor associations may be organized for the arbitration of all differences between the employer and employed, laws for the establishment of cooperative institutions, for the introduction of cooperative industrial systems, for the establishment of a bureau of labor, for reserving what is left of the public domain for actual settlers, that the lands of the people may be held by the many and not by the few, for the abolition of that relic of barbarism, imprisonment for debt, for the repeal of the odious conspiracy laws, and for such other enactments as may snatch the wages of the laborer from the hands of his employer before it can be converted into bread for his wife and children.

Resolved, That unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation; that the present oppressive war tariff, which produces nearly $100,000,000 of surplus revenue, is unnecessary and therefore unjust, and is worthy successor of the two great political parties in the country; in their national platforms, have pledged themselves so to modify it that it will produce no more revenue than may be needed for the necessary expenditures of the government economically administered, we demand that this Congress, which has devoted six months of its labors and all of its ingenuity in devising ways and means to deplete the treasury of its surplus millions to the neglect of important legislation which the country needs and expects, shall, at its present session, keep faith with the people and make the promised reductions.

Resolved, That the River and harbor bill passed by the national House of Representatives for its extravagance and wastefulness in the appropriation of nearly seventy million dollars of the people's money, a sum which will probably be increased by the republican Senate, and we express the hope that the democratic President will teach Congress a much needed lesson in economy by the interposition of the executive veto.

Resolved, That this convention is hostile to the Logan bill for an increase of the army, but favors a reorganization of the Navy Department, the rehabilitation of the navy, and a generous appropriation for the construction of a system of complete coast defences.

Resolved, That inasmuch as complications have arisen with our provincial neighbors, that, by mismanagement of unskillful hands or by too precipitate action may entail deplorable results, this convention would remind the democracy of the government of Maine in the statecraft, wisdom, patriotism and fidelity of this administration, and especially rejoices in the peculiar fitness of the present secretary of State to deal with the questions at issue and feel nothing from the disputed interpretation of existing treaties relative to the rights of a large, hard-working and meritorious body of our fellow citizens in the "fishing cases," so called, and we have full confidence that our support and assistance by all lawful means, and in the worst event, of our hearty and zealous espousal of our common cause; but that we deprecate a display of unjust and ill-formed opinion and blinded prejudice in denunciatory and inflammatory resolutions advising rather calm reliance upon a final triumph of right and justice under the operation of international law, rather than baseless fears that local legislation and provincial bluster will sway our constituted authoritative guardians of our liberties from a full insistance upon our natural or treaty rights; that the course of the democratic administration in the past and present foreign relations furnishes a happy prospect for the future, while the calm, judicious and successful management of the recent complicated treaty affair with a sister republic gives safe assurance that the present administration will be worthy successor of its predecessors, and affords a happy augury for time to come.

Resolved, That Union soldiers and sailors of the late war are entitled to the gratitude of the republic for their services in its defence, and that a most liberal and just reward shall be made to them by the United States pension laws, and that every Union soldier and sailor who is disabled has from the gratitude of the country means something more than empty words; that we pledge our best efforts to our nominee here selected, and will use all honorable means to insure his election.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION. The republican State Convention was held at Lewiston, yesterday, Capt. H. H. Shaw of Portland, as chairman; secretaries, Curtis S. Carle, of Waterboro, Everett B. Norton of Farmington, Willis H. Wing, of Manchester, and Willis E. Parsons, of Foxcroft. The name of J. R. Bodwell of Hallowell, as candidate for Governor, was presented by Gen. R. B. Shepherd of Skowhegan. The name of Dr. A. C. Hamlin of Bangor, was presented by Hon. Amos Nourse of Bangor, and Gen. James A. Hall of Damariscotta. The result of the balloting was as follows: Whole number of votes, 1063; for Bodwell, 882; for Hamlin, 301. On motion of Mr. Barker, the nomination of Mr. Bodwell was made unanimous, and he was declared the candidate.

Mr. Bodwell is a native of Massachusetts, but his wealth and wide reputation as a business man have been made in this State. Mr. Bodwell is largely engaged in farming and stock raising and breeding, and is extensively interested in the granite business, having filled contracts in all parts of the country. He is a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in every part of the State where his various business enterprises are located.

A law has been passed by the Legislature of Kansas, similar to that existing in California, taxing mortgages in the county where the mortgaged lands are located. The mortgagor can pay the tax and be credited upon the principal and interest of the mortgage. It is estimated that not less than ten million dollars is invested in mortgages by parties residing beyond the State.

The best Paris Green can be had at Partridge's Drug Store, under Granite Hall, that will fix potato bugs every time. The Messrs. Partridge also have a large sale for their pure Dalmation Insect Powders, and powdered Hellebore, for the destruction of insects and currant worms.

SUDDEN DEATH AT KENNEBUNK. Constable Isaac Moody died suddenly at his home in Kennebunk, Saturday night. He was in apparent good health in the evening when he went home from the village, but shortly after his arrival he was attacked with cramp colic and expired in less than five minutes. He was about 35 years of age.

DEFEAT OF THE HOME RULE BILL. Gladstone's home rule bill was defeated on Monday, on the second reading, by a majority of 30, the vote standing 311 to 341, showing 653 members present and voting. As there are 658 members in the full house, it appears that only six were absent. Ninety-four liberals and radicals voted against the measure. Previous to the vote, Parnell made an eloquent, impassioned speech. The political excitement throughout England and especially in London is very great over the outcome of the long contest. Politicians of all parties are preparing for a general election with much more vigor than has heretofore been witnessed. A large number of Tory aspirants for seats in the House of Commons are retiring in favor of Liberal Unionist candidates in districts where a joint poll of Conservatives vote with that of the anti-Gladstone whigs will probably secure the election of Unionists. The conservatives and whigs are everywhere having jubilees, ringing bells, lighting bonfires, firing cannon and singing "God save the Queen." Despatches from Ireland state that at Belfast, Londonderry, Armagh and other towns the loyalists have been stoned during their parades and demonstrations. It is the general opinion that Gladstone will dissolve Parliament on the 28th inst. It is expected that the elections will occupy a month and that the new House will assemble in the second week of August. The Cabinet Tuesday by a unanimous vote, resolved to appeal to the country. They held that by resigning they would only prolong and complicate a dispute which will be settled by a speedy dissolution of Parliament. Gladstone will send a special messenger to the Queen Wednesday with a letter requesting Her Majesty to dissolve Parliament as the only means to secure a stable government. If the Queen does not exercise her prerogative or summon Lord Harlington to form a new ministry, Gladstone, on Thursday, will ask the House of Commons to proceed with the supply bill, and will indicate the Queen's intention to dissolve Parliament at an early date.

THE BRIDAL PRESENTS. The New York *Herald*, in its account of the wedding, says:

Nearly $100,000 worth of presents had reached the White House by six o'clock, and more are doubtless in transit. Several of the American ministers and consuls-general have notified the State Department that their presents have been sent. No official list of the wedding gifts has been supplied. The costly gifts were displayed in the state dining room, and were inspected by the guests after the supper. There was the beautiful necklace of pearls given by the President to his bride. The members of the Cabinet and their wives sent joint gifts. Owing to the short time before the wedding occurred after its date was first announced to them they could not collect as elaborate gifts as they would have preferred to do had they had more time.

Secretary Lamar made his own choice when in New York, in a cut-glass smelling-bottle studded with diamonds.

Secretary and Mrs. Endicott gave four solid silver candlesticks, large and massive.

The present sent by the postmaster-general and Mrs. Vilas was a breastpin in the form of a bow-knot, of Etruscan gold, its edges bordered with diamonds.

The secretary of the navy and Mrs. Whitney gave a brooch in the shape of a branch, with leaves and flowers all formed in diamonds. The leaves and flowers were set in silver, the branch in gold. It is an old fashion of setting revived.

Collector Hedden gave a platinum salt dish, on solid gold legs, with seed pearl moulding at the feet. With this unique silver vase was sent a pepper sifter bearing an engraved scene of a revenue cutter waiting for the surveyor to go down the bay to meet the Nodorland.

From Surveyor Beattie of the New York Custom House, diamond bracelets, with appropriate scriptural quotations in Hebrew on the clasp.

From Congressman Timothy J. Campbell, a solid gold horseradish dish, with a garden scene picked out in diamond dust, representing the opening in the third act of "Faust."

From Governor Hill of New York, an elaborate jewel case, with a French music box attachment that plays delicious airs each time a jewel is taken out and returned.

From Mrs. M. B. Braden, a rare designed silver epergne, with cut glass dish for table.

John R. McLean sent a beautiful oxidized silver and gold ice-cream freezer.

From E. H. Butler of Buffalo, a solid silver soup ladle.

From Mr. Edward Cooper, a silver ale pitcher and mugs.

From Hubert O. Thompson, a valuable jeweled Chinese clock, made in Pekin and valued at $900.

From Mr. Bissell came a large diamond flower, to be worn as a pin or as a pendant.

Not one-third of the presents have been opened.

ALMANAC CONTRIBUTORS IN CONVENTION. The seventh annual reunion of the contributors to the old and only Maine Farmers' Almanac, was held in this city, at Hotel North, yesterday, many of the familiar and well known faces—grown a little older—being seen. There was the friendly grasp of the hand, the renewal of old acquaintance, mutual congratulations, and the stimulation of all the helpful agencies that give value year after year to that household necessity—"*The Maine Farmers' Almanac.*"

In the forenoon, there was an opening address by "Vase," V. A. Sprague of Dexter. A characteristic poem was read by "Noename," Noah Barker, entitled "The Roll Call."

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—"Tom Scott," T. S. Bowden, West Washington.
Vice President—Col. D. P. Livermore, Hallowell.
Secretary—"Avon," Dr. Wm. McDavid, Augusta.
Chaplain—"Columbus," Rev. John Hemenway, Minneapolis, Minn.
Executive Committee—"Franklin," F. A. Clark; "Fellowcraft," Dr. D. C. Perkins; "Nonplus," C. T. Clark.

At this point, the company of fifty, or more, adjourned to the banquet hall, where one of Quimby's best dinners was served, all the choice viands being discussed. The banquet was tendered the contributors by Capt. Nash.

An interesting paper on puzzles and puzzlers was read by "Fellowcraft"—Dr. D. C. Perkins of Fairfield.

"Uncle Sam," in the name of the members of the Convention, presented Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Bowden with a handsome silver service, as a mark of high esteem.

An appreciative obituary address was delivered on the death of Daniel R. Wing of Waterville, late Secretary of the Association, by "Hurrah," Hon. J. H. Drummond of Portland.

A poem was read by "Noemus."

An interesting closing address was delivered by R. J. Capen of Augusta.

Adjourned to fourth Wednesday in June, 1887.

This reunion may be set down among the best that has been held.

STATE POLITICS. The Fourth District democratic convention was held in Bangor Thursday. Hon. John F. Lynch of Machias was nominated by acclamation as candidate for representative to Congress, and made a speech of acceptance. Mr. Lynch was the candidate two years ago.

At the republican convention in the First District, held in Portland, on Thursday, Hon. T. B. Reed of Portland, the present incumbent, was nominated by acclamation as candidate for representative to Congress. He appeared before the convention and accepted in a speech.

Republican Congressional conventions were held in three districts on Tuesday, and the following gentlemen were all renominated by acclamation: Second District, Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Lewiston; Third District, Seth L. Milliken of Belfast; Fourth District, Charles A. Boutelle of Bangor.

Col. C. S. Edwards, the democratic nominee for Governor, was serenaded at his home in Bethel, Saturday evening. The Locke's Mills Band played. Hon. S. F. Gibson made a speech, Col. Edwards and his son responded briefly.

WILLS IN KENNEBEC COUNTY. Mrs. Frances T. Plaisted, late of Augusta, devised to her neice, Audrey H. Milliken her two diamond rings and $3000 in money; all the rest of her estate to her nephew, George W. Stanley of New York City. Andrew J. Wright, late of Fayette, wills his property, consisting mostly of real estate in the city of Portland, to his daughter Susanna French of Fayette, wife of Edward L. French. James F. Heath, late of Augusta, with the exception of several small bequests, wills his property to his wife, Abbie Heath. Hannah H. Wilson, late of Gardiner, wills to her husband, Sanford Wilson, during his natural life, her house and land in Gardiner, her personal property to Freeman Patten. Edward Fenno, late of Augusta, divides his estate between his daughters, Ellen F. Kimball and Clara J. Sawtelle. Eldridge Austin, late of Vassalboro', gives his entire estate to his wife, Ida L. Austin. Miriam A. Austin, late of China, bequeaths to Sadie H. Austin $300, Mabel J. Austin $400, and the remainder to her brother Isaiah Austin.

DEATH FROM PARALYSIS. Andrew Meserve, a middle aged farmer living in Scarboro, was taken sick in his field last Thursday, and upon reaching the house was stricken with paralysis and fell to the floor. He was assisted to his bed and died Friday night.

City News.

—Capital Grange will have a strawberry festival on Saturday evening of next week.

—The graduating exercises of St. Catharine's Hall will occur on the 24th inst.

—Teachers' meeting at grammar school house, Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—The Bowdoin Quarterly Meeting held its session at the Free Baptist church yesterday.

—Rev. H. S. Whitman has entered upon his labors as pastor of the Winthrop Street Universalist church.

—Trim up the shade trees, and let the sun shine into the "front room" once in a while.

—Mr. Geo. A. Russell has sent in his resignation as Superintendent of Mails, to take effect June 30th.

—George Getchell, a ten-year-old son of Mr. Fred Getchell, fell upon a pile of rocks last week, and broke one of his arms.

—Rev. P. S. Thatcher, Unitarian, of this city, will preach at Presque Isle on the 13th and 20th of this month.

—Mr. James Keegan has sold his half of the famous three-year-old Barriater stallion which he recently brought from Prince Edward Island, to Mr. Geo. Cony, for $600.

—At the meeting of the Maine Medical Association in Portland, last week, Dr. J. O. Webster of this city, read an able and interesting paper on the sources of water supply, and their dangers to public health.

—Our city has now got on its most charming attire, and if there is a more beautiful, healthful and attractive city in the country, we don't know the name of it.

—Friday was "pension day," and it brought to the city hundreds of soldiers and widows and orphans. They were all promptly and quietly waited upon by Pension Agent Anderson and his efficient clerks.

—Out of the twenty-two or more original declamations handed in to compete for the social union prizes by the Amherst Freshmen, eight have been selected to speak, one of whom is Mr. Daniel V. Thompson of Augusta.

—Improvements are underway at the jail. A sewer is being built to the gully south of the building, to connect with the new water closets. The stable is to be moved 16 feet west, and placed in thorough repair.

—Sunday afternoon the ordinance of baptism was administered to twenty-one persons, seventeen ladies and four gentlemen, on the east side just below the Kennebec bridge, by Rev. J. B. Jordan of the Free Baptist church, assisted by Rev. C. F. Penney. There was a large gathering of people to witness the ceremony.

—The alarm of fire at 2.30 o'clock, Monday afternoon, came from the east side and was caused by a slight blaze on the roof of the Branch house on Bangor street, occupied by J. D. Hysom and Hiram Wilson. It was quickly extinguished with pails of water. The fire is supposed to have originated from sparks driven by the wind from the chimney of Whitehouse's building adjacent. The damage was slight.

—It ought to be a crime to call that

y News.

adfield has passed now in excellent business.

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The wind was ice houses were ed, as was also o'clock, all danger are about as fol- Company of Phil- gdale buildings, of ice; the Chel- d 25,000 tons of se the Pittston ice. J. R. Good- Pittston, $1,500. house in Farm- surance on the n placed in Phila- are insured in 000. The loss on ed covered by in- ckers will immedi- great conflagra- reporter never se than that pre- houses in flames. entire valley of of leaping flames.

rs. The Univer- nocook will take th. The whole is unday-schools in any adults of the e President and vention are pre- exercises—musical will be answered Portland, Chair- r. C. L. Skinner d installed pastor church in West dition of the Cres- 's Mills, Easton, and continued reached by Revs. G. M. Park and Universalist and ave voted unani- . Savage to con- has accepted. ent, is supplying es of Patten and t session of the ng of Free Bap- church at Rock- ad continuing over the ordinance of in Jordan's river eld, pastor of the ecome, to five can- Kimball has ac- Universalist church en accepted. He at North Anson ed July ——At the a recent Sunday, baptized by Rev. Baptist Society in ented with a fine friends of the ——Rev. J. A. pastor of the Con- orridgewock, and ed July 1st.—— ch at Farmington at the prospect of preaching for the . Bean is to sup- Methodists and Rev. ptists.—Most of Theological Semi- churches of the of fifteen weeks. be located as fol- senior class Mr. Curtis to St. Milford, Mr. Hack t to East Bangor Lewis to Whiting, 's Landing, Deer Biddle class, Mr. Mr. Bowen to h New Portland, Mr. Kellogg to Northfield, Mr. ge, and Mr. Wil- The 2d Congre- wcastle, at their to raise the sum church building. place of shiloh, on the interior as ——Rev. O. Gile, st church in Rich- church to pastor- ney preached the the Pi:e Street sisted the home Sunday, at West Hinckley, State young men, and skseag he also ad- e of baptism to Mills, West Cou- on Saturday and ieville, held, by persons came for- new life.——The t Eastern Maine hold their camp- 22d to 29th in- Congregational L., has extended H. Harriman al church of Bau- annual conven- urches in Maine, day morning, and non Washburn of non Sims of Port- communion was ., led by Canon ev. Dr. Parker of n. Bishop Neely count of illness. he illness of Bish- the Bishop's as- d the churches of condition. The sion of the prayer ecticut Church convention were r. Canons Wash- e, Rev. Dr. Clark, n, Gardiner and were baptized at by Elder Rowie, w chapel at the en dedicated. ethel, has married over 500 funerals. n from Andover merly of Augus- e weeks' course of onal church at bath.

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gative pills. They en leave you con- Liver Pills regu- you well. Dose,

Items of Maine News.

Elizabeth Maid of Bangor, aged 53 years, dropped dead Friday, at her home, of heart disease.

An infant of Mr. Bagley of Caribou, was killed at Fort Fairfield, Sunday, by a carriage upsetting.

Senator Frye has returned from his fishing trip to Rangeley Lake, and left for Washington Tuesday.

The buildings at the Maine Central depot at Newport were destroyed by fire, Tuesday.

Melvin Thomas, of South Strong, was found dead in a cornfield Tuesday of last week. It is supposed that a fit caused his death. He was 38 years old.

Among those who graduated with honors from the law course at Boston University this commencement, were G. W. and C. H. Hanson, of Sanford, Me.

Frank Harmon, of Orland, fell down stairs, Saturday, breaking his neck. He died a few hours afterwards. He was about 55 years of age.

It is reported that at Plantation No. 14 in Washington county, bears have within a short time killed three head of cattle and done other damage.

Burglars entered the Boston and Maine station at Kennebunkport Thursday night, and blew open a safe. Only a small sum, however, was obtained.

Leonard Morrison's Mt. Blue Hotel, at the foot of Mt. Blue in Avon, was burned Monday afternoon; loss $2500; insured for $1800.

The Fort Popham Summer resort Association has sold the ice in their stack and are now shipping it. The stack contains about 1400 tons.

The following Maine postmasters were appointed, Friday: Fortune Rock, established, Geo. R. Burnham; North Wayne, C. A. Libby.

The large set of buildings situated on the Northport road, two miles from Belfast, and owned by Capt. C. F. Cunningham, burned early Sunday morning. Loss $4,500; insured for $3,000.

Miss Etta Silaby of Mars Hill, fell down stairs while in a state of somnambulism on Saturday night, and was injured quite severely, being unable to be moved the next day.

During the thunder-storm last week, lightning struck the Catholic chapel in Frenchville, 6 miles from Caribou, and started a blaze which was extinguished without difficulty by the people present.

The freight steamer Mount Waldo, 335 tons, which was launched Wednesday at Jonesport from the New England Shipbuilding Company's yard at Bath, was the 200th vessel launched from that yard.

The following is a list of Maine patents for last week: John Berry of Biddeford, percolator; Chas. H. Magoon of Skowhegan, horse blanket; Daniel F. Messer of Kennebunk, felt boot; Frank I. Stewart of Dover, fire kindler.

Officer Thomas F. Allen caught two shad with a fly while fishing for salmon at the dam in Bangor the other morning. They were the first ever taken there with a fly and among the first seen in the river for some time.

The new industry at Monson, known as the Arctic Butter Box Manufactory, bids fair to become a much more important one than was at first anticipated. Large orders for these boxes are being received from all quarters of the country.

C. D. Stevens' mill near Stratton, took fire from a heated gudgeon, Tuesday, and with the contents, was totally consumed. It was only by hard fighting that the village was saved. Several men were severely burned in their endeavors to stay the flames. Loss $2000; no insurance.

Thomas Conroy of Portland, now serving an eight years sentence in the State Prison, is nearing the close of a chequered life. His death is expected from hemorrhage. He was sent to Thomaston for breaking into a store in Portland nearly two years ago.

It is reported that a large ten-set woolen mill is to be built in Sangerville within the coming year, that the town will vote to build a dam and exempt the corporation from taxation for a term of years. The parties interested in the scheme are Messrs. Milliken, Mayo and Campbell, who are the principal owners of the large mill at Oakland.

The following are the speakers for the commencement exercises at Bowdoin College: F. Smith, W. V. Wentworth, L. Thomas, J. W. Howe, Butler, Parker, Davis, Tuttle, Berry and Norris. The prize for the best written part was assigned to Smith and Tuttle, while P. A. Knight received the first prize for extemporaneous composition.

Messrs. James Tracy and Edward Stafford, Hallowell, were in Bangor, Thursday, to try the salmon fishing at the dam. They went up to the grounds at four o'clock in the morning and fished until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Tracy hooked a salmon. It was a beautiful seventeen pounder and it required forty minutes to land him.

At the graduating exercises of the Bangor Theological Seminary, the following gentlemen received diplomas from the hands of Prof. L. L. Paine of the faculty of the seminary: Rufus Parker Gardner, of Castine, Me.; William Henry McBride of Jacksontown, N. B.; Adams Hume Merrill, of Brownville, Me.; Geo. Harlow Reed of Wellesley; Benjamin Mead Wright, of Greenwich.

A large and enthusiastic meeting in favor of home rule was held in Bangor, Tuesday evening, presided over by Chief Justice Peters. Ex-Vice President Hamlin and Ex-Chief Justice Appleton were among the vice presidents. Mayor Neally called the meeting to order. All the speakers expressed sympathy with the movement. Resolutions were adopted to the same effect.

The steamer Siberian, which arrived at St. John's N. F., Wednesday, had a terrible experience amid fog and innumerable icebergs. She was overdue from Halifax seven days. The experiences of the passengers are indescribable, the movements of the steamer being ahead, astern, and every moment the ominous signal "stop her" to clear one of those enormous ice sea monsters, forcibly reminded all on board of the terrible uncertainty of their fate. At the moment the fog lifted the Siberian was closely surrounded by 60 huge icebergs and had to reverse her engines full speed, being only 100 feet from one enormous ice mountain. The Gulf was reported as one vast field of ice.

A party of young ladies climbed to the top of the fire-bell tower, 60 feet high, to obtain a good view of the city of Denver, Col. Eppa Stewart stepped to the edge of the tower and was leaning against a corner post, looking over the country, when the janitor, not knowing of the presence of the ladies, seized the bell rope to call a meeting of the fire company. The sudden clang of the bell startled Miss Stewart, and she plunged from the dizzy height to the pavement. She was carried into a neighboring house, when it was discovered that both legs were badly crushed, the feet having been driven to within a few inches of the knees. The bones of the left arm were also broken into splinters, and five ribs on the right side were broken and torn loose from the spine.

The State election in Oregon was held Monday. There were three regular tickets in the field, that of the democrats, republicans, and the prohibitory party. Returns from all parts of the State show heavy democratic gains. According to present figures, Hermann, rep., for Congress, has less than 300 plurality, and it is possible that this margin will be swept away by returns from back counties not yet in the reach of telegraph. Penarey, dem., for Governor, will have at least 1500 over Cornelius, rep., and possibly 2000. The figures on secretary of State are very close. Webb, dem., for State treasurer, is probably elected by 300 majority, and Strahan, dem., for supreme court judge, is probably elected by about the same majority. The legislature is probably democratic.

During the past few weeks ex-President Arthur has not shown any material change in condition. His spirits are buoyant and hope strong, and to a man suffering from his disease these are the great aids to complete restoration to health. During the pleasant days of last week he was able to take short rides, and these, though they wearied him somewhat, as was expected, did not have any serious effect, and his physician was content that he should indulge in them. Mr. Arthur is extremely sensitive to the weather, and the warmth of summer has a beneficial effect upon him. He has gained nothing in flesh, and his nourishment is still of a very delicate nature, but he is brave and patient and gives little trouble to his attendants. He is anxious to get away from the city and spend at least a part of the summer in the country, and, if it is decided to be safe for him to make the journey, his desire will be gratified.

In Congress the House judiciary committee agreed to a favorable report on the Edmunds anti-polygamy bill, with an amendment repealing the charters of the Mormon Church and Emigration Society, and another striking out the clause creating a board of United States trustees to take charge of Mormon church property. Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, introduced a bill relating to the duties on fish; referred. This bill seems to meet the approbation of all in Maine, engaged in the fishing business. The House committee on invalid pensions on Tuesday, agreed to report as a substitute for Senator Blair's pension bill, the bill introduced by Mr. Ellsberry of Ohio, with amendments. The Blair bill granted invalids pensions according to disability, ranging from $24 per month down to $4 to invalid soldiers and sailors of the United States in the late civil war, who are dependent upon their daily labor for support. The bill agreed upon by the House committee provides for a uniform pension of $12 per month for all soldiers and sailors who are absolutely disabled and unable to maintain themselves, and does not recognize the distinction in rank.

Items of General News.

The legislature of Rhode Island has selected Senator Aldrich as his own successor.

About 12,000 bills and resolutions have been introduced in this Congress.

Dr. Sunderland received a $100 fee for marrying the President.

Last year 4,800,000 letters were received at the dead letter office.

Maxwell, connected with the trunk mystery at St. Louis, has been declared guilty of murder.

The manufacturers of oil cloth have combined to advance the price of their goods.

The fearful and long continued drouth in Texas is at last broken, and rain has fallen.

It was reported at Brooklyn, Saturday that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had died suddenly. Upon investigation the story proved to be false.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston have just celebrated their 248th anniversary. The dinner was at Faneuil Hall.

Charles A. Buddensack, New York, the holder of mud houses, who was sentenced for libel to 10 years' imprisonment and fined $500 for manslaughter, has been removed from the Tombs to Sing Sing.

A hand car containing five men, while passing on a trestle, at Wheeling, W. Va., Sunday, was derailed and fell to the bottom of a creek 35 feet below. Several of the workmen were killed.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Sargent gave a brilliant reception at Dr. Priestley's London residence Thursday evening. The best of the world of fashion, literature and art were among the guests.

Another tenement horror has occurred at Chicago. Two frame houses were destroyed by fire, Monday morning, and eight of the inmates were either smothered or burned to death.

High school cadets, of Dover, N. H., on Friday night created a disgraceful disturbance, and assaulted two members of the city government who refused to vote them money to buy guns.

William E. Marshall's famous painting of "our Saviour" was damaged by water and smoke in New York, Saturday. The picture covered nearly fifty feet square of canvas and was valued at $70,000.

The ship Chiova, lying at the foot of Kent street, Greenpoint, N. Y., loaded with 50,000 cases of kerosene oil, took fire Saturday night. She was towed into the stream and proved a total loss, estimated at about $160,000.

The greater portion of Rawley Springs, Va., was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. The Virginia House, the Washington House, with all their furniture, were totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at $130,000.

On account of the proceedings of the recent convention, it is predicted that the Knights of Labor organization is in a fair way to break up. Powderly, the leader, who has been the champion of mild measures, is to be thrown overboard, and the counsels of the rash and headstrong will prevail.

A large freight house of the Vandalia railroad situated near the eastern approach of the bridge in East St. Louis was burned Thursday night. The loss is estimated at $75,000. One of the special officers of the road, who gave testimony before the Congressional committee regarding the strike, was fired at twice as he was entering to save property. He escaped unhurt.

Several of the Chicago anarchists having been indicted, it is expected that the trials will begin on Monday, June 21st. Some startling revelations will be made. If the charge of murder should not be proven against Spies, Schwab, Fielden, Parsons, Fischer, Engel, Lingg, Schnaubel and Neebe, they will then be tried for conspiracy.

Secretary Manning has tendered his resignation of the Treasury Portfolio, but at the President's request has consented to let his resignation lie over until October, with the understanding that if his health is restored he will then reenter on the active duties of the office, and Assistant Secretary Fairchild, meantime, will act as Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary Manning and wife have gone to Hot Springs, Va.

William Metcalf of Manchester, England, the champion swimmer of the Clyde, who has won numerous matches and accomplished several wonderful diving feats, arrived from England a few days ago. He says he is determined to dive off of Brooklyn bridge, a distance of 135 feet, though the law prohibits it, and that he will make the attempt on the 16th of July. He has a patent contrivance, he says, whereby he can make the dive with perfect safety.

A Baltimore & Ohio freight engine, while standing in the yard at Belaire, O., Thursday morning, exploded its boiler with terrific force, killing Engineer Johnson, Fireman John Vandevoor and Matt Hammond, also an engineer. Two of the bodies were blown one hundred yards. Fragments of the locomotive were blown through the adjoining house with great damage to furniture. The shock was felt all over Belaire, breaking glass in windows in houses squares away.

The Canadian Parliament was prorogued Wednesday, by the governor-general, with the usual ceremonies. The bill to amend the act concerning fishing by foreign vessels was reserved by the governor-general for her majesty's pleasure. It does not therefore become a law unless the imperial ministry advise royal assent to the bill. Before prorogation Sir John Macdonald stated that negotiations were now going on with England and the United States concerning the fishing difficulty, but he was not in a position to state to the House their purport. The governor-general left Ottawa the next day on a holiday tour in the maritime provinces.

Congress the House judiciary committee agreed to a favorable report on the Edmunds anti-polygamy bill, with an amendment repealing the charters of the Mormon Church and Emigration Society, and another striking out the clause creating a board of United States trustees to take charge of Mormon church property. Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, introduced a bill relating to the duties on fish; referred. This bill seems to meet the approbation of all in Maine, engaged in the fishing business. The House committee on invalid pensions on Tuesday, agreed to report as a substitute for Senator Blair's pension bill, the bill introduced by Mr. Ellsberry of Ohio, with amendments. The Blair bill granted invalids pensions according to disability, ranging from $24 per month down to $4 to invalid soldiers and sailors of the United States in the late civil war, who are dependent upon their daily labor for support. The bill agreed upon by the House committee provides for a uniform pension of $12 per month for all soldiers and sailors who are absolutely disabled and unable to maintain themselves, and does not recognize the distinction in rank.

Maine Agricultural News.

—The butter factory at Monroe will start up in a few days.

—The farmers in Aroostook are rejoicing over the prospects for a great hay crop. The grass is looking finely at present and all that is needed are frequent showers through the present month to make the crop one of the largest for years.

—The next session of Aroostook Co. Pomona Grange will be holden June 19th, at the farm of Rev. G. M. Park, Presque Isle.

—Piscataquis Pomona Grange meets with Resolute Grange, Brownville, June 17th, at 10 A. M. Question for discussion: "How can we enlarge the sphere of our Order, and increase the benefits of the Grange?" Question to be opened by Brother R. G. Tibbetts. We have also on the programme, address of welcome by Mrs. C. C. Gilman, response by Mrs. L. L. Dow, and other good things. A good attendance desired. The meeting will not be public any part of the day.

—In conversation with one of our farmers who keeps three cows, he said to your reporter that he churned from one of them, a grade Jersey, 14½ lbs. of butter from nine milkings, in 4½ days, being at the rate of 3½ lbs. per day, or 22½ lbs. per week. This, we think, beats the record previously attained by any cow in the vicinity.—*Rockland Free Press.*

—Members of the Order throughout the State, will be most happy to learn that the troubles which have so seriously disturbed the workings, harmony and usefulness of that highly respected organization, the Independent Grange at Bradford, have been honorably and satisfactorily adjusted by themselves, without the interference of any higher authority, proving that there is nothing but what can be done if there is a *will*, for the will can make a way for itself. They did not choose to flounder along through months of needless difficulty and perplexity and wrangling, but in disgust. Their troubles have been reconciled upon strict Grange principles.

—NOTES FROM WALDO COUNTY. The season is full two weeks earlier than last year. Grass is looking finely, and with a few rains through this month will give a bountiful crop. Apple trees blossomed full, and look as though we should have another fruit year. Hay has dropped some as there was considerable in the country, and farmers are cleaning out their barns for the new crop. Stock is doing better than in the spring. Wool is worth more than one year ago. Potatoes have dropped, and here is one of the mistakes farmers make in not disposing of their produce when it brings all it is worth, and not hold it to get a little more. Most of the spring's work is in, and seed put in the ground came up quick and look first-rate. Have not seen any potato bugs yet, and hope they will not put in their work as they did last season. I think the farmer has no reason to complain, and if they will only faithfully will reap in the harvest. I have been looking for the report as to how the prospect looked in Maine through the *Farmer*, but suppose it is rather early and will come in good time.

North Searsport. ALFRED STINSON.

—Spring opened early, and the warm dry weather of April enabled the farmers to seed their ground opportunely, as this exceptionally "warm and dry weather" was followed by cool and wet weather, and has so continued until the present time. It has been most favorable for grass and grain, which looks exceptionally well, and promises an abundant harvest. Grass has obtained a good growth, and haying will of necessity commence early. A large acreage of corn has been planted for the country located here, but the wet and cold has been unfavorable for it and much of it has rotted in the ground, and has had to be replanted. In some cases this has been repeated, waiting for dryer weather. The fruit prospect is good. The bloom was unusually healthy and the set of fruit is abundant. And this holds good in regard to other than the apple crop. Pastures are good, and cattle are looking well. On the whole the spring of 1886 opens with encouraging prospects for the farmer.

Vassalboro', June 4. W. H. PEARSON.

—Lore H. Ford, Esq., Dep. State Master for Lincoln County, and State Lecturer, Hon. D. H. Thing, will hold meetings as follows:

Monday, June 14th, Alna.
Tuesday, June 15th, So. Jefferson.
Wednesday, June 16th, Nobleboro'.
Thursday, June 17th, Bremen.
Friday, June 18th, Bristol.
Saturday, June 19th, Boothbay.
Monday, June 21st, Newcastle.
Meeting rain or shine. Ladies and children especially invited.

—PENOBSCOT COUNTY FARMERS' CLUB. The next meeting of the Penobscot County Farmers' Club will be held at Grange Hall, Dixmont Center, on Tuesday, 22d inst.; question, Can the farmer afford to hire money at six per cent. interest to make improvements on his farm?

J. E. SHAW, Sec'y.

—Saturday evening a meeting of the Durham farmers was held, in the interest of the formation of a creamery in Durham. It is said that the meeting was enthusiastically in favor of establishing a creamery. Committees were appointed to investigate into the creamery business, and report at a future meeting.

—Mr. Weston Hopkins of Hampden, has started a new enterprise. He has purchased some finely constructed machinery for the purpose of separating cream from new milk. The process used is based upon the principle of centrifugal force and does its work quickly. The cream thus separated is put in small glass pails. Mr. Hopkins proposes each morning to send this cream to Bangor in a perfectly fresh condition. Those who have tried it for pastry cooking say that it is far superior to cream obtained in the ordinary manner. In other states the process is used very largely, but it has never before been introduced here.

—Our correspondent J. E. S., Hampden, writes: The season is about two weeks ahead of last year. The prospect is for one of the largest hay crops in this section that there has been for years, and it will have to be cut earlier than usual. The average of oats sown is larger than usual, and the same of barley, while there was less of wheat. More corn was planted than last year, some less of potatoes. All kinds of stock that was well wintered is now doing well. Fruit is promising a good crop.

To New England Horse Breeders.

All who are interested in the improvement of the road and trotting horse stock of New England, and who believe that a united effort of New England breeders in this direction will be of great benefit toward accomplishing this object, are requested to meet at the Parker House, Boston, on Wednesday, June 16th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of considering the subject of organizing a New England Breeders' Association, and taking such steps in that direction as may be thought advisable.

ELIZUR SMITH.
B. D. WHITCOMB.
JOHN H. FARNUM.
W. S. TILTON.
JOHN R. GRAHAM.
AQUILA ADAMS.
E. D. WIGGIN.
WM. H. MOODY.

The following is the list of the graduating class, and the subjects of their theses, of the Storrs Agricultural School, Mansfield Conn. There is no question but this is an agricultural school in fact as well as in name. This State may have some blue laws yet on her statutes, but some how she has a way of doing things agricultural in good shape.

John H. Atkins, Middletown, Conn.—"The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture."

Eugene A. Bailey, Middlefield, Ct.—"Agriculture as a Life Work."

Edgar S. Blair, E. Windsor Hill, Ct.—"Co-operation in Agriculture."

Will L. Chamberlain, Mansfield, Ct.—"The History of the Horse."

Fred E. Coe, Middlefield, Ct.—"The Importance of Thorough Tillage."

John H. Gardner, Jr., Taftville, Ct.—"Insecticides."

Seldon W. Hayes, Granby, Ct.—"Birds in their Relation to Agriculture."

Henry R. Hayden, Jr., E. Hartford, Ct.—"Beads."

Bruce Hough, Windham, Ct.—"Light."

Edgar J. Leavenworth, Redding Centre, Ct.—"The Grange as an Educator."

John B. Perry, Clark's Falls, Ct.—"The Sources of Nitrogen."

Arthur L. Reed, Rockville, Ct.—"Fertilizers."

Ira B. Smith, Hartford, Ct.—"Butter-making."

The graduating exercises will be held on the afternoon of June 18th, when six members of the class will read their theses, the remainder being excused to prevent the exercises from being over-long.

Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley, Fish Commissioners, were busy throughout last week placing 700,000 young sea salmon in the Penobscot river. The fish were equally distributed at Bancroft, Medway and Howland. Monday morning Messrs. Stilwell and Stanley left for Harvey Lake, in New Brunswick, to put in 30,000 young land locked salmon for which General Manager Cram of the New Brunswick railway subscribed.

The United States grand jury at Seattle, W. T., has found indictments against ten leaders of the late anti-Chinese riots in that city. The jury's report alleges that the existence of a treasonable organization, called the "Red American Workingmen's Association" has been discovered, and that the outbreaks of Puget Sound have been under the guidance of this society, whose motives are greed, treason and insurrection.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, June 8, 1886.

Names of Drovers.	Cattle.	Veals.
Gideon Wells,	10	6
A. Richardson,	3	3
F. H. Coolidge & Son,	16	35
J. H. Fogg,	18	5
Weller & Libby,	30	51

No change in beef trade, and not a large representation from the State of Maine. Veal sells well at full prices. Sheep and lambs are in demand at about last week's rates. Cow trade is inactive. More call for springers than for new milks, as grass is plenty, which insures a large flow and over production of milk. Working oxen are not in demand.

SALES.

F. H. Coolidge, who always ships choice cows and makes them a specialty, sold 5 cows at $40 to $50. Weller & Libby sold lot of veal calves at $5.50 per head that would weigh 110 lbs. each; one pair steers at 5½, that weighed 3400; pair oxen, at 5 cts., that weighed 3680 lbs.; 2 cows grade Durham, large, fat and handsome, showing great milking capacity, at $110. These two fine animals were raised by James Doyle of Aroostook county. He owns a farm on Aroostook River containing 600 acres, situated between Fort Fairfield and Caribou. Winters about 100 head of cattle and horses. Mr. Doyle is a progressive farmer; believes in keeping improved blooded stock, and embracing all the modern ideas, notwithstanding he lives in the wilds of Aroostook county; has many conveniences not enjoyed by people "outside." His farm is situated on the railroad, which has given him a side track on which Mr. Doyle can load all his produce, live stock, etc.

	By Number.	Price per 100 lbs live wt.	Live wt.	Average wt.
A. N. Monroe	15	5 80	"	1310
do	18	5 90	"	1350
do	16	5 90	"	1475
do	18	5 37½	"	1364
do	23	5 75	"	1210
do	15	5 40	"	1243
Farrell&McFlynn	30	5 60	"	1186
do	9	5 50	"	1142
do	7	5 50	"	1160
do	10	5 80	"	1186
do	12	5 85	"	1176
do	6	5 37½	"	1050
do	7	5 65	"	1160
do	4	5 70	"	1190
C. Leavitt	5	5 90	"	1200
do	7	5 75	"	1250
do	6	5 50	"	1000

The supply of Western Cattle brought into market the past week has been very light, and the trade for butchers' Cattle has has not varied any to speak of from that of one week since. Prices for Cattle suitable for the butchers' trade ranged from $5.25 @6 per 100 lbs. live weight. The demands for live Cattle have been light, and the supply brought into market was full as large as the demands required.

Sheep and Lambs—Those from the West were all owned by butchers, Sheep costing from 5@6½c per lb live weight and Lambs from 8@8½c per lb live weight landed at the slaughter houses.

Swine—Western Fat Hogs are costing 4½@5c per lb live weight, prices having ruled at those figures for several weeks past. All were owned by butchers and taken direct to the slaughter houses. In our number we include all the Western Fat Hogs brought in over the several railroads for the past week.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, June 8.

FLOUR. There is a stronger market for flour and a better demand, particularly for Spring wheat patents, which have been selling at $5@5 3. per bbl. Winter wheat patents are firm at $5@5 25 per bbl. In roller flour there have been sales of New York at $4 30@4 60; Michigan at $4 40@4 75 and Ohio, Indiana, St. Louis and Illinois at $4 60@4 85 per bbl. Michigan stone ground flour is offered at $4 25@4 35, and Ohio, Indiana, St. Louis and Illinois clears at $4 25@4 40 per bbl. Western superfine is in moderate demand at $3@3 35; common extras, at $3 40@3 60; medium extras at $3 70@3 90; choice extras at $4 00@4 10, and Minnesota bakers at $4 00@4 35 per bbl. Corn Meal is steady at $2 25@2 30 per bbl. Oat Meal is selling at $5@5 50 for fine, and $5 75@5 95 for clear. Rye Flour sells in small lots at $3 25@3 75 per bbl.

GRAIN. Corn has been in fair demand but at easier prices, with sales of steamer yellow at 49½c; steamer mixed at 48½c, and no grade at 35@45c per bush. as to quality. Oats are in good demand and firm with sales of fancy white at 45@46c; choice barley at 44@45c; No. 2 white at 41½@42c; No. 3 white at 40½@41c, and mixed at 36@39c per bush., as to quality. Bran is selling $14@15 for spring and winter at $16 50@17; Fine Feed and Middlings at $16 50@18, and Cotton Seed Meal at $23 on spot and $22 to arrive.

PROVISIONS. Pork is steady, old mess at $10, and new at $11@11 50; extra prime at $9 75@10, and clear and backs at $12 50@13 50 per bbl. Beef is nearly quiet, with sales of mess and extra at 8 50@9 50 and plate and family at 10@11 per bbl. Lard is firm; and in good demand at 6¾@6¾c. per lb. Smoked Hams selling freely at 10½@11½c per lb. as to quality and size.

PRODUCE. Butter is in better demand and rather firmer, with sales of extra Western creamery at 17@18c; extra Northern and Eastern creamery at 16@18½c; extra Northern dairy at 16@17c; extra Western dairy at 13@14c; fine Western creamery at 11@13c, and ladle packed at 9@12c per lb. Cheese is quiet and weak, with sales of new at 4@8c per lb, as to quality. Eggs are in moderate demand, with sales of extra Eastern at 12½@13c; extra Vermont and Western at 11c; Michigan at 12c, and Nova Scotia at 13c per doz. Beans are in fair demand, and we quote choice Vermont at $1 65@1 75; New York at $1 60@1 65, and medium at $1 30@1 35 per bush, including hand picked. Canada Peas are selling in small lots at 65@65c, as to quality. Potatoes are in steady demand and firm, with sales of Rose at 45@50c; Hebrons at 40@70c; Prollics at 50@65c, and Peerless at 40@45c per bush. Dried Apples are steady and evaporated meets with a good demand at 5@7c per lb as to quality. Choice spring Chickens and Fowls continue in demand, with sales of the former at 26@35, and the lotter at 14@15c per lb.

HAY. Choice pressed Hay will sell at $19 per ton, but ordinary grades are accumulating and dull. Rye Straw has been selling at $22.50 @ 23 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, June 9.

APPLES—$1 00@1 25 per bbl.; dried, 3@4c per lb.; evaporated 6@7c per lb.

BEANS—Pea beans $1 60@1 70; Yellow Eyes $1 40@1 45.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 14@16c; Ball Butter 18@20c.

Cheese—9½@10c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—Scarce at 12c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 50; Patent 7 00@7 50.

GRAIN—Corn 60@62c; oats 40@45; barley 75c. Rye 80.

HAY—$15 00@17 00.

STRAW—Loose $6@7; pressed $6@10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook 16@18c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Ox hides over 90 lbs. 7—c; bulls and dags, 5c; calf skins, 10c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $3 00.

LARD—Tierce 6½@7; Dom. 7½@8c.

PORK—Cora 20@21; rrs 8@9c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 40@45c per bu; cabbages, 2c per lb; squash, 3c per lb; turnips, 40c per bushel; beets, 40c per bu.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 8½@7c; beef sides 8@8½c; ham 10@10½c; fowls 10@12c; spring lambs 16c; mutton 8@9c; veal 7@8c; chickens 13@16c; Turkeys 16@18c; round hog 5½@6c.

SHORTS—1¾c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, June 8.

CATTLE—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments, 1900; higher; shipping steers at $4 60@4 65; stockers and feeders at $2 00@3 00; cows, bulls and mixed, $2 75@4 00; through Texans cows $2 90@4 25.

HOGS—Receipts, 19,000 head; shipments, 3,500; the market higher; rough and mixed at $3 85@4 37½; packing and shipping, 4 35@4 47½; light 4 00@4 30; skips at $3 50@3 85.

SHEEP—Receipts, 1900; shipments, ——; market stronger; natives at 2 00@4 50.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.

APPLES—Green apples out of the market; evaporated 8@11c per lb.

BUTTER—18@19 for choice family; Vermont, 20@21c per lb; creamery, 20@21c.

BEANS—Pea, $1 60@1 75; Yellow Eyes, $1 40@1 65.

COAL—Stove and Egg, $6 00@6 50.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3 25@3 50; Spring X and XX, $5 00@5 55; Michigan Winter X and XX, $4 87@5 12; Roller Michigan, $5 25@5 50; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 00.

FISH—Cod Shore, $3 00@3 25; bank, $2 50@2 75; Scaled herring per box, 16@20c; Mackerel per bbl, Shore No 1, $19 00@21 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots, 51@52½ oats, 45@46c; cotton seed, car lots, $23 00@24 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $24 00@25 00; sacked bran, car lots, $17 00@19 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $19 00@20 00; middlings, car lots, $18 00@23 00; middlings, bag lots, $20 00@24 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6½@6¾c per lb; per tub, 6¾@6¾c; pail, 6¾@7¾c.

PROVISIONS—Chickens, 15@16c; Fowl, 15@16c; eggs, 12@13c; potatoes, 60c per bush; extra beef, $8 50@9 00; pork backs, $13 50@14 00; clear, $12 75@13 25; hams, 9¾@10c; covered, 10¾@11¾c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 9.

APPLES—per barrel, $1 50@2 00.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $1 35@1 40 per bush; hand picked Pea, $1 70@1 75.

BUTTER—Best, 18@20c. per lb.; fair to good, 14@16c.

EGGS—11c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats, 38@40c per bush; corn, 57@58c.

HAY—$13@16 per ton; best bales, $14@16.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 35@38c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog per lb., 5@5½c.; chickens, 12@15c.; fowl per lb., 8@12c. Spring lambs 35c.

Wool Market

TUESDAY, June 8.

The improvement in the tone of the market noticed last week has been sustained, and prices, although no higher, it is believed have about touched bottom. We quote Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 30c for X, 31@32 for XX, and 32@33c for XX and above. Michigan X is nominally 27@28c per lb. Foreign wools have been in demand and firm.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, June 8.

United States bonds, 3's, (reg.)		100¾
" " New 4½'s (reg.)		124½
" " " (coup.)		125¾
" " New 4's (reg.)		111½
" " 4's (coup.)		113½
" " Pacific 1sts,		117¾

Items and Incidents.

When the city angler, with a gilt-edged basket and 25-dollar split bamboo rod, comes back to the country hotel at night weary and lame, and with no trophies of his skill to exhibit, and sees a big string of handsome trout of a ragged, barefoot urchin, whose tackle is a crooked alder stick and a two-cent cotton line, it may be set down as a clear case of the boy caught.

Purify Your Blood.

Among spring preparations, do not neglect that which is most important of all—your own body. During the winter the blood absorbs many impurities, which, if not expelled, are liable to break out in scrofula or other disease. The best spring medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels every impurity from the blood, and gives strength to every function of the body. Sold by all druggists.

The Worcester *Gazette* says crazy quilts are never dangerous. The women who beg silk to make them of are.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plaster the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

Those sharp pains in the small of the back and around the hips will quickly go after you apply a *Hop Plaster*. Ladies, pay attention to this. 25c.

In a Moravian graveyard at Greensboro', N. C., the married women are buried in one square, the married men in another, in still another square the maiden ladies, while together rest the unmarried men. Then in two other squares are found on one side the boys and on the other the girls.

Clipped from *Canada Presbyterian*, under signature of Rev. Alex. Robinson, Prop.: I was cured of oft-recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Kansas City will soon have an elevated railroad—the third in the country.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, With Hypophosphites, is a most valuable remedy for *consumption, Scrofula, Wasting Diseases*, of children,

Our Story Teller.

CAROLINE HEATH.

I.

The sun was setting in a glory of gold and purple. Caroline Heath glanced out at the kitchen window before which she stood washing up the cups and plates which had come out from tea. She sighed unconsciously. Dimly and vaguely she was sensible of wishing that some things in this world had not been ordered just as they were. There was so much debasing work to be done, so little time for refined ease, for doing just what she should like to do. Take the present moment. If she could only go out to watch the gorgeous splendor of the sky before the crimson and gold and purple faded away into gray, and indulge in elevating thoughts, and draw pictures of an idle life.

But she could not. She had these depressing tea things to wash and put away, and to leave the kitchen generally straight.

Caroline put back a lock of soft brown hair that was straying on her forehead; her eyes were hazel, with a rather sad, soft expression in them; her features were delicate. The dress she wore was pretty enough, but only of cotton, and the sleeves were turned back at the wrists. A saddened life impart its traces upon the countenance; and Caroline Heath's life had been sad for three or four years now.

A lad of fourteen years dashed boisterously into the kitchen, swinging a white lily in his hand. "Make haste over your cups and saucers, Carry," said he. "I see John Arkright coming across the rye field."

No increase of color heightened the pink blooom of her cheeks, though John Arkright was her lover; soon, people said, to be her husband.

"Where did you find that lovely lily, Tom?"

"Down by the brook," answered the boy, who was at home for the midsummer holidays. "I brought it for you, Carry. Put it in your hair."

"Nonsense, lad."

"It's not nonsense. A girl ought to dress for her sweetheart," he went on with comic seriousness. "Emma Williams wears flowers in her hair."

His sister laughed a little, but bent her head. The lily was quite in accordance with the smooth, bright hair and the pretty girlish face, but not with the print dress.

"There, it looks—divine," cried Tom, having arranged it to his satisfaction. "Mind you don't take it out again."

He vaulted off. Caroline finished what she had to do in the kitchen, and went into the front garden. Her father and Mr. Arkright were standing together at the side rails, looking across the fold-yard of the farm to the land beyond. Caroline walked slowly toward them and John Arkright turned to shake hands with her.

"Yes," said he to Mr. Heath, continuing what he was saying, "crops never looked more promising. Only let us have fine weather for another month or two, and we shall have a splendid harvest."

"He can never talk of anything but his crops and his farm," was the thought that rose involuntarily to Caroline's mind as she took up her station beside them.

The picture was one of rural plenty. The sweet odor of new-mown hay came from the meadows which were cut; wheat, barley, and other fields of the five-and-thirty-acre farm stood the cows being milked by Hodge and Joan; Joan's tongue full of reproach on account of the lateness of the hour, Hodge excusing himself by saying he had been kept longer than he liked at the open window of the house sat Mrs. Heath, attired in costly silk and doing some foolish fancy work.

Mr. Heath took his arms off the railings. He was a spare man, attired in white fustian with breeches and gaiters; his face was good natured but weak.

"I must step over to the farrier's," said he; "the mare come again to the brown cob."

He walked slowly through the garden to the front gate, which skirted the high road. The rustic place, briefly, had few dwellings in it, farmhouses or laborers' cottages, and its inhabitants were homely and simple-mannered.

The only fine lady in it, apart from Squire William's family, was Mrs. Heath. She was Mr. Heath's second wife, and still under thirty. When she came home to Briar Farm, four years ago, she found a staid old working housekeeper in it, and Joan, the rough maid-of-all-work. Caroline and Tom were at school. Mrs. Heath did not get on well with the housekeeper, and discharged her, replacing her with a genteel maid from London. The maid in her turn did not get on well with the work: proved to be as fine and useless as her mistress. After a time of discomfort such as Briar Farm had never before known, Mrs. Heath issued her ukase that Caroline must come home and see to things. She was mistress and master, ruling her weak placid husband with an iron will, and he dared not say no. In fact, it was time that Caroline did come home, for she was in her eighteenth year, and would have come before but for the new wife. So Caroline took the management of things.

She had been doing it for three years, and was now twenty-one. Lines of care had gradually settled around her sweet, tender mouth; but she kept her own secrets and never complained, never spoke of her disappointings, hopes, fears, or struggles; what she suffered she suffered in silence.

Six months ago, at the beginning of the year, her father had spoken to her. She remembered it well. It was the day that Tom had gone back to school, and Mrs. Heath was off to Norton, and she and her father were alone at the tea-table.

"Carry," he suddenly said, helping himself to some thin bread and butter, "how do you like John Arkright?"

"Oh, I like him very well, papa," she answered carelessly.

"Then all right, then; he wants to pay his addresses to you," said Mr. Heath.

"To pay his addresses to me!" she repeated. "Why, papa, he is ever so old."

"Old!" cried Mr. Heath. "He is only thirty-two this year. A fine young man, Caroline, with a good farm at his back, and plenty of substance. Don't take up wrong fancies, my dear."

Caroline was fishing a tiny lump of sugar out of the basin to lay to the sweetness of a second cup of tea. She did not answer. A thought had come flashing into her mind, "By marrying him I should get away from here and escape drudgery."

"You should remember, child, that a proposal of marriage from a man like Arkright is not to be met with every day," said her father. "Many a girl in the neighborhood would jump at it."

"Yes, I suppose so. Well, papa, I will think of it."

And that was how she became engaged to John Arkright—thinking of it for a day. She respected him, but did not love him. Moreover, she had gradually awakened to the conviction that when she did marry her life of work would not be changed, but only the scene of it. His mother who at present lived with him, worked as hard as she did; his sister Bessy had done so till she married; it was the custom with most of the farmers' households down there. John Arkwright was well off; could have kept a managing housekeeper and allowed his wife ease and rest; but such a revolution in the state of affairs never entered into his calculation. Thus matters stood in the present time. Caroline was engaged to be John Arkright's wife, and he had no notion that its prospects, to her, did not look as bright as if adorned with June roses.

"How smart you have made yourself!" cried Mr. Arkright, as they drew close to the gate.

"Smart!" exclaimed Caroline. "Oh—this," she added, laughing, suddenly remembering the lily in her hair; "Tom put it there."

Mr. Heath glanced at the lily, which he had not noticed before. "Pretty things, those lilies," he remarked, "so sweet"

A rumble of wheels in the distance gave token that the stage coach, which brought passengers from a distant railway town, was approaching. Mr. Heath put his arm upon the low iron gate to watch it pass; Caroline stood by him.

It was coming slowly up the hill, and appeared to be unusually crowded with passengers and luggage.

"What a load!" exclaimed John Arkright.

"Oh, I know," quickly spoke Tom. "It is bringing the navvies who are to work out the new line of railroad. Dick Williams told me they were coming this evening."

The coach came slowly on, and drew up close before Mr. Heath's gate, perhaps rather to his surprise. A gentleman and lady, elderly people, inside passengers, got out of it, and the guard began to take some luggage from the boot.

"Is this the Grange, sir?" the lady asked, approaching Mr. Heath.

"No, ma'am. This is Briar Farm."

"Dear me! Walter, we have got down at the wrong place. How stupid that driver must be. I heard you distinctly tell him 'Mr. Williams', the Grange.'"

"All right, ma'am," said the driver, who had listened to the words with equanimity. "This yere's the nearest to it."

"You must take this lane close by; a few minutes' walk will bring you to the Grange," spoke Mr. Heath.

"Good gracious! Walk!" cried the lady. "And what's to become of the luggage? Walter, what *are* we to do?"

"The luggage must stay here till Williams can send a man for it, Jane; the guard says they will be safe."

"Quite safe," repeated Mr. Heath, in compassion to the lady's consternation. "We will give a look to it if you like, ma'am."

"Oh, if you would be so kind, sir. I've three new dresses and two lovely bonnets in that further box."

During this colloquy one of the outside passengers who sat on the side of the coach nearest the gate had several times taken his eyes off the pretty girl who stood with the white lily in her hair. Laughing blue eyes they were, set rather deeply in a good looking face, much bronzed, as if its owner was a good deal in the open air.

"Can you tell me how far we are off Norton?" he suddenly said to Mr. Heath, in courteous and refined tones.

"Nearly two miles," replied the farmer.

"Thank you. This seems to be a charming neighborhood."

"It is, sir."

The guard, having stacked the luggage on the pathway, was mounting to his perch behind; the coachman touched up his horses, and the old fashioned stage rolled along on its way; the passenger who had spoken taking off his hat in parting salutation, meant probably for the young lady who wore the lily.

The stage coach went onward and was soon lost to sight; the guests for Squire Williams disappeared up the lane, fragrant with the wild roses and honeysuckles in its hedges. Farmer Heath crossed the road on his way to the farrier's; Caroline remained leaning on the gate.

"By George, wasn't that a handsome fellow!" ejaculated Tom. "He's the engineer-in-chief, I'll lay. Did you not notice him, Carry?"

She did not answer: perhaps did not hear. In that man's eyes she had recognized something of a kindred spirit to her, and a feeling was stealing over her of the glowing possibilities which might have been in her life. If she could only meet them—only be emancipated from this dull dreary existence and go out to find them. Ah, it was a sad world.

"What nice blue eyes he had," went on Tom. "He was looking at you, Carry, all the time. It was the lily did that. Oh yes, he's the chief of 'em."

"What have blue eyes to do with engineering?" inquired Mr. Arkright.

"A great deal when they are set in such a fine fellow as that," laughed Tom, as he passed through the gate with Rover.

"Will you go on your hat and come out for a walk, Caroline?" said her lover.

The crimson was slowly fading out of her cheeks, called to it by Tom's remark about the stranger looking at her. She turned round.

"I should like to go very much; a walk would be pleasant this lovely evening, but I have not time. I have things to see to yet, and I feel very tired."

"Tired?"

"Yes, I have been hard at work all day, one way or another."

She walked across to a rustic seat under a tree and sat down; it was out of sight of the gate; Mr. Arkright slowly followed, and took a seat on the same bench. It was a lovely sky.

"Caroline, when are we to be married?"

The question sounded so abrupt for she had been thinking of anything rather than that, and she started and colored painfully. He had placed his hands on his knees, bending a little forward to look into her face, and thus awaited the answer.

"I do not know; I have not thought about it," she said, hesitating uncomfortably. "Not yet."

"Not yet?—but why not? What do you mean? It is close upon six months now that I have been waiting for you."

"I mean that I—would rather not think about it yet. Please don't ask me to, Mr. Arkright."

"But I must ask you; don't be unreasonable. I did think of asking you to let it be before harvest; but that's such a busy time with us it might be best for mother to stop on till it's over; she knows the work and is used to it. You'd hardly be able to do as much as she does at first, and I don't mean to go to the expense of another house-girl."

"No mother has fixed to leave me after harvest," he continued, for Caroline did not speak. "And right sadly we shall miss her. She is fifty-five next October, and as active as she was the five-and-thirty. She'll be sorry to go too; a life of ease and idleness, such as she'll lead at Bessy's won't suit her, she says, after her busy life. A question whether you'll ever make the bustling, capable woman that my mother has been, Caroline."

Caroline pressed her hand to her eyes and forehead to press back the blinding pain gathered there. Never until this moment had she fully realized the living death upon which she would enter when she became John Arkright's wife.

"But do not think I am dissatisfied, or wish to grumble, Caroline," resumed Mr. Arkright. "I am quite pleased to take you as you are; and you'll learn experience with every year as it passes."

"Are you sure you care for me very much, John?" she rejoined, in a low, confidential tone.

"Why, of course I do; there's nobody else I care for," he answered, in some surprise. "Is it because I walked out of church on Sunday afternoon with Martha Brand and her brothers, and then stayed to tea with them up at their farm, that you ask? You are not jealous of her, are you Caroline?"

"Oh, no, I am not jealous; of her, or of any one," murmured the girl. "She would make you a rare good wife, John; better than—"

"Who would? Martha Brand? Well, perhaps so, if you were not in the way," he added, in the matter-of-fact tone which distinguished all he said: "she's got her head on her shoulders the right way. But I chose you, Caroline, and, my dear, I hope you will come home to me at the turn of harvest."

He rose from the bench, said a few words to Tom, who had come strolling up, shook hands with Caroline, and wished her good evening. She watched him away; he was honest, well-meaning, good-hearted, even generous; but Caroline knew that as his wife she would have no interests, no aspirations beyond the rearing of poultry, the making of butter and cheese, the management of a farmhouse generally; and her heart fainted within her.

Caroline's sleep that night was troubled, and she rose in the morning unrefreshed. The day was lowering, sultry, intensely oppressive. Never had the work seemed so unpalatable or so hard to get through. In the afternoon, when she was gathering roses in the front garden—sent to do so by Mrs. Heath, who was expecting some friends to tea—the garden-gate opened and footsteps came up to the path. Stepping quickly into the bushes, Caroline found herself face to face with the handsome young man who had spoken from the top of the coach, with the very self-same laughing blue eyes close to her own.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger. "This is Mr. Heath's I believe. Can I see him?"

"He is not at home just now," she replied. "Mrs. Heath is. Will she do?"

"Well—perhaps," he answered doubtingly, as he took a card from his pocket. "Will you kindly let it be taken to her?—What lovely roses!"

Caroline took the card with the hand which had no roses in it, and carried it to the sitting room—a pretty room, its window opening to the ground and looking to the grass plat. Mrs. Heath was busily working an antimacassar in red and white wools.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, reading the card. "Mr. George Rochester.' It makes me think of the man in 'Jane Eyre.' Show him in, Caroline; why on earth did you not do so at once?"

He came in; his gentlemanly appearance, well-bred manners, and good looks bespeaking for him a gracious reception. Mrs. Heath, who had been used to society, recognized his superiority at once.

Taking the chair offered him, Mr. Rochester explained his business. Of the little body of engineers who had come down he was the head and chief. Tom Heath was right in that conjecture. He had now called to ask leave to erect a tent for tools and other purposes on one of Mr. Heath's fields, which overlooked the line to be made—would Mr. Heath give that leave?

"It will not damage the ground in the least, and will be quite a temporary accommodation," he explained. "Mr. Williams—Squire Williams, I believe you call him down here—has allowed us to do the same thing on his land, and the tent is now being put up there."

"Oh, I feel sure Mr. Heath will not think of objecting, dear; perhaps he had better be spoken to," said his wife. "Caroline, you can go and ask your papa; he is sure to be with the hay-makers in the three-acre field."

"I think I had better go to Mr. Heath myself; and perhaps this young lady will show me the way," said Mr. Rochester.

He bowed over his hat to Mrs. Heath and left her presence. Caroline conducted him out by a little gate which opened direct on to the meadows.

"Some rural places are detestable and some are charming; this is the latter," he remarked, as they went along. "It looked so green and cool here last evening, after the hot railway journey and the dusty coach drive afterwards, that I nearly wished to set up a permanent tent in the place instead of a temporary one."

"It is a very pleasant spot," answered Caroline.

"I like the scenery," he continued, looking at the broad stretch of green plains and rising corn, intersected by groups of trees, by the winding river, all bounded by a purple-brown line of distant hills rising against the azure sky. "Have you always lived here?"

"Except when I have been away at school."

"Your name, I think, is Caroline Heath?"

He looked at her as he spoke, half smiling. Caroline was surprised. "How did you know my name?" she asked.

"Ah! did you think the little birds of the air whispered it? I heard it just now at Squire William's—the daughter told it me."

Caroline smiled too. "But why should she tell it? Do you know the Williamses?"

"I did not know them, or any one else here, till to-day. Calling to put the same request to the Squire which I am about to put to your father, I found that the lady and gentleman the coach put down last night are a Captain and Mrs. Dennett, acquaintances of my mother's. We all fell into conversation. Upon my remarking that I must ask leave about the tent, Mrs. Dennett said that a very pretty girl was standing at the gate here last evening who wore a lily in her hair. Miss Williams then said it must have been Caroline Heath. That is how I know your name."

The girl's face had never before had so many blushes on it. "Do you read much?" he inquired, presently.

"No, I wish I did. I have no time for it; I have to work."

The unconscious pathos in her voice touched Mr. Rochester. "I bought a book coming down yesterday; it is a cheap edition of Lytton Bulwer's 'Eugene Aram.' I will bring it to you if you like it."

"Oh, yes, I should like it; but please do not bring it. I cannot tell how long it would be before I could read it through and return it to you."

"You need not do that; I have quite done with the book, and you are heartily welcome to it. I have a small edition of Longfellow's poems with me; I will bring that also."

"You are too good," murmured Caroline.

When they reached the three-acre field Caroline pointed out her father, who was over-looking the haymakers, and returned home alone. The next day a small parcel reached her, given into Tom's hands by Mr. Rochester, containing the two books.

Haymaking went on in the glowing summer weather. The tents were up at the various standing points, and the new railway was beginning its work. Mr. Rochester was seen everywhere; he seemed to be almost ubiquitous; and Caroline Heath was often meeting him, indoors or out. If by chance they met near one of the hayfields, he or she would turn and make hay together. Sometimes he would drop in to Mrs. Heath's tea table to discuss fashionable topics with the lady, scraps of news from the great world, or political prospects as touching upon agricultural interests with the farmer. And now and again he would be walking in the shady lanes with Caroline under the moonlight.

The result was this: long before the harvest was gathered, or the line of rail had made much progress to the uninitiated eye, Caroline's heart had gone out for good and all to this attractive man. She loved him with a pure, passionate, ardent love, which would abide within her forever.

And he—what of his heart? About that there was less certainty. He kept his own feelings well in hand, and made no sign.

One Sunday, when the Heaths had been attending service, Mr. Arkwright walked with them home from church and was invited to remain to tea. Caroline wished she could make an excuse to stay away from the parlor—in her own room—in the kitchen—anywhere. Latterly, whenever she had thought of marrying him, she was conscious of a vague rush of pain, which turned her cold and almost seemed to blind her.

After tea Mrs. Heath went out to pay a visit at a neighbor's house; the farmer strolled into the garden, lighted his pipe, and sat down in the arbor; Caroline and her stolid lover were alone. Tom had long ago gone back to school.

"Will you walk with me up home, Caroline?" he asked. "Mother's all by herself; she'd like to see us."

"I think I'd rather not go out this evening," she said; "my head aches."

"That's bad; you've had a headache often lately," returned unsuspicious Mr. Arkright; "a walk might do you good."

"Oh, no; it would make it worse. I feel so tired."

"I wonder what's the cause? A young girl like you has no business with headaches or to feel tired either."

"It is the hardest work I have to do," said Caroline incautiously.

"Hard work! Incessant! Why, what do you mean, Caroline?" he said, full of surprise.

"Day in, day out, it's always the same—work, work, work! There's never any ending to it."

"Well, I don't know what you can be talking of. The work in this house isn't much; it's child's play compared with the work up at my place."

"Yes," she said faintly, "I suppose it is."

"But you'll soon get into it, Caroline. I want you to fix the day. The harvest will soon be over, and we must be married at the end of it."

A swift horror came upon her. The setting sun seemed for the moment to stop; she stood, as one smitten with a blow. Well, she must tell him. *Could* she tell him? She must, she must, she *must*. Now or never.

"John," she said, putting one hand up to her brow to push back the hair, and leaning for support against the side of the window frame, "I—I am afraid I should not be able to do the work at your farm; I'm not strong enough for it."

"Eh?" cried he, staring in amazement. "What do you mean by that, Caroline? You are strong as you ever were. Is it the will that's wanting?"

"Perhaps it is," she answered, with a desperate courage. "I hate the thought of it with a bitter hatred."

In all John Arkright's placid-going and stolid life never had been so taken-to as as now; never felt so much at sea.

"Do you mean you would not *do* the work?"

"I mean I could not. I could not undertake to enter upon it. If I did it would kill me."

He was sitting in a large chair and he leaned back in it, his hands grasping its elbows as he stared at Caroline. This was altogether a new aspect of affairs.

"But what is to be done then?" he said, presently. "The wife I marry must be able to work and to manage."

"I'm sure I could not. It had better not be me. John, don't you see it will be to your interest to choose somebody else. If you would but think of Martha Brand?"

"Well, this is a queer start—if you are not saying it in a joke," cried the bewildered man.

"I have seen for some time, John, that we are not suited to one another; it has distressed and troubled me," she said in a low tone. "I hate the life of farm-house drudgery which I am compelled to lead here; rather than lead it always I would pray to die. Do have compassion on me, John, and take Martha Brand."

"But I like you best."

"Oh, John, you are kind. Have pity upon me!"

"What would folks say?" cried John.

"Anything they liked," let them. Martha's a good girl, John; pretty, too, and the best of managers. I'm sure she'd have you."

"I dare say she would if I asked her. Time enough to think of that. One can't put off wives and take on others at a moment's notice."

"But you will release me? You will forgive me?"

"What else can I do?" he retorted helplessly. "When you tell me that the work up at my place would kill you, you don't leave me much choice."

"We do not make ourselves, remember, and are not responsible for our tastes and distastes. I thank you gratefully, John. We will be the best of friends always, but nothing more. It is settled then?"

"I expect so. Be sure of one thing—I would never marry an unwilling woman. Yes, it's settled."

The great and overwhelming sense of relief which had stolen over Caroline kept her silent. How grateful she was to him for the quiet and reasonable way in which he had met the offered slight, heaven only knew. It was as if a glorious dawn had replaced a dark and interminable night.

And in her meetings and her walks with George Rochester there now lay no pricking of conscience.

II.

One evening close upon September, when the lovely hues of summer had far into the gloaming, and the late birds carol forth their evening chant, Caroline Heath was walking down the winding lane from the house of Squire Williams, when she found herself overtaken by Mr. Rochester. He spoke abruptly.

"Will you forgive me, Caroline, if I ask you what you may deem am impertinent question?"

"I do not think you could be impertinent," she answered softly.

"Thank you; not willingly. Is it true that you were engaged to Arkright, of the Glebe Farm, and is the engagement now at an end?"

Caroline colored painfully. "How do you know anything about it?" she said.

"I heard the rumor yesterday. Is it so?"

"It is true I was engaged to him. It was a sort of—of—business engagement," she strove to explain; "that is, he and my father settled it between them. When I found how impossible it was that I could—could—like the prospect, I asked Mr. Arkright to release me, and he did so. He behaved very kindly over it."

All in a moment, without notice, he drew her to his side and kissed her passionately.

"My dearest love!" he whispered; "my darling Caroline!"

He released her instantly, saying no more. But, after that, life wore a new aspect for Caroline Heath.

This lasted for a fortnight, and then the shadow fell. There came down to Norton, which was an inland watering place of gay resort, some ladies of fashion, including Mr. Rochester's mother and his cousin, Grace Ormby. Mr. Rochester did not, whether by chance or design, mention this to Caroline.

One afternoon, however, when Caroline had gone to the Grange by invitation, and was in the drawing-room with Emma Williams and her mother, a carriage was seen driving up to the gates, and presently the servant announced the visitor:

"Lady Rochester."

The name startled Caroline. Could the elegant woman, now entering in her silks and lace, be her little protégée of days at all connected with her lover, George Rochester? Surely not. It might be only a coincidence in names.

Lady Rochester shook hands with Mrs. Williams and Emma, and glanced at the pretty girl, in the simple frock, who stood up in honor of her entrance. But Caroline was not introduced. It might please Emma Williams to be friendly with her as a neighbor, but farmer Heath's daughter, she thought, was not one to be presented to Lady Rochester.

Lady Rochester exclaimed at the sweet scent of mignonette, which came through the windows, open to the ground. She had said it was her favorite perfume of all perhaps we may live here. Mrs. Williams made her daughter go out and cut some.

"Will you come with me, Caroline," whispered Emma, as she went to the little work-table for the scissors, and the two girls went out together.

"I suppose that lady is no relation to Mr. Rochester; but the name's the same," remarked Caroline, as they bent over the bed of mignonette.

"No relation! Why she is his mother," answered Emma.

"His mother!" exclaimed Caroline, as she rose and straightened herself.

"To be sure. Why should she not be? You look as if it amazed you, Caroline."

"But then—he must be—great and grand, different from what we have supposed him—the son of Lady Rochester!" cried Caroline—thought and speech somewhat bewildered.

Miss Williams laughed. "How silly you are, Carry. 'Great and grand!' We have always known who he is; any one can see he's a gentleman. His late father, John Rochester, brought some important engineering project to a successful issue, was knighted for it, and became Sir John. I dare say George, in his turn, will be Sir George some day."

"And can he stoop to woo *me*?" thought the dismayed girl, as she bent over the bed again. "*Does* he though? or has it been all play?"

"He is engaged to his cousin, Grace Ormby," tranquilly ran on Emma who had not the least notion how the land lay in the other quarter.

A dart as of a poisoned arrow seemed to be making havoc of Caroline Heath's heart. She moved a little farther away to hide her face. It was pallid as death.

"Is the engagement a recent one? she asked, when she could command her voice to ask a question.

"Not at all. Lady Rochester was talking of it the last time she called here. Mr. George is wise enough to see on which side his bread is buttered, and goes in for his cousin. He may be in love with her for aught I know to the contrary; she is a handsome girl, and would be a nice girl but for her pride. We have cut enough, I'm sure, Caroline; let us take it in."

After that day, and its rude awakening, matters seemed to have changed. It was as if a crisis had come and stopped things. Whether Caroline in her bitter hopelessness avoided Mr. Rochester, or that he spent his leisure time with his mother and her friends, certain it was that there were no more stolen meetings.

The weather continued to be hot and lovely; it had been a glorious summer; and though September was now in, the sunny sky might have been that of August. During this time Squire and Mrs. Williams gave an afternoon party—sports and dancing on the lawn, perpetual refreshments indoors, a crowd of gay people, gay voices and gay attire. Amid the guests were Mrs. Heath and her step-daughter.

Caroline went to it in inward tumult, dragging with her her aching heart. She wore a white, fresh, unpretending dress with ribbons of the palest pink, and a straw hat wreathed with small white roses. She was by far the prettiest girl there, the quietest, most retiring, most modest; and the handsomest and most imposing, in their dainty robes of lace and blue silk, was Miss Ormby.

Caroline regarded her from a distance, and could not withdraw her fascinated gaze. To her jealous eyes Grace had all the bewitching beauty of an enchanted princess. A fairy she was standing the center of a host of worshippers, and now she was accepting an ice which one of them offered, and now she was dancing with George Rochester. They seemed to be very, very intimate, she and he, and Caroline's heart grew sick and cold. Next she saw him dancing with Emma Williams; but he did not come to ask *her*.

Only once during that bitter afternoon did he approach Caroline in converse; and then he entered upon ordinary topics—the gay scene before them, the superb weather, and so on.

"We have not seen much of you the last week or so," she took courage at length to say; and only herself knew what effort it cost her to speak calmly.

"I have been very busy," he answered. "Now that the line is progressing, it takes up more of my attention than it took at first, and while my mother is here, she claims from me most of my leisure time."

"Of course; I understand that," said Caroline.

But not a word had he said of regret; not a hint given that in time their former intercourse should be renewed. At that strong enough for it, quickly crossed the lawn with Emma Williams.

"That's your cousin, I think," said Caroline.

"Yes, that's Grace," he assented. "She—"

"Mrs. Heath came back to her seat then from the refreshment room, and he did not finish his sentence. Close upon that he was told that his mother waited, and soon after we got home Lady Rochester's and barouche drive away, herself and Grace Ormby seated in it side by side, and George Rochester opposite to them.

The next day there was a wedding at Briarly Church, a quaint little church not far off, and Caroline Heath was bridesmaid.

The bride was Miss Brand, and Caroline was bridesmaid.

Tom, all shook people that you are not pining all forlorn, anyway," Mrs. Heath remarked when Caroline was invited to take the office. "You were a great simpleton, Carry, to give John Arkwright up. He's a handsome, well-to-do man, and you say such things? It is Grace who is saved for you; your future wife."

"So you have taken up that pretty problem," he said laughing. "Not if I know it, my dear. Grace and I perfectly understand one another; she cares for somebody else more than she cares for me."

"I don't understand," murmured Caroline, a curious rift of joy shooting through her heart.

"My mother has an imperious will; for peace sake we do not care to cross it; so Grace and I have let her enjoy her favorite wish uncontradicted—that we should become man and wife. But; my dear"—his tone changing to gravity—"it is not Grace I wish to make my wife; it is another, and her name is Caroline."

"You have been so distant to me lately, so changed," she breathed.

"I had a motive in it. I did not care to disclose the truth to my mother during her sojourn here, for fear of causing her pain or vexation upon you. I have loved you, Caroline, ever since that first evening when I saw you standing at the gate with a lily in your hair."

"I am not your equal," she sighed.

"Never think that again," he said earnestly. "My father was only a poor, humble lad; it was by talent and industry he rose to eminence in his profession and to become Sir George Rochester. Your people are better born than he was. And had it been otherwise, my dear, love levels all things."

"Can it all be really true?" cried the happy girl.

"It is all really true—and will be. God permitting," he answered with emotion, as they heard the tramp of fleet footsteps and congratulating voices at the double reach bearing down upon them.

Not many months afterward there was another wedding in the little old church, at which Mrs. Martha Arkright could not reciprocate past favors by officiating as bridesmaid, though her will was good to do it. And George Rochester carried his wife away forever from the old life of depressing toil to a delightful home in town of love and rest.

Young Folks' Column.

I am of every shape,
Square, round, long, and thin;
You can change me any time,
If you only know where to begin.

I furnish life, health, and strength,
To every creature thing;
Yet in myself and of myself,
Life I cannot bring.

Men travel over me,
I travel over men,
Women shut me up,
And put me in a pen.

Now tell me what I am,
And tell me what's my name;
I never change my form,
I always am the same.

Presque Isle. EFFIE B. SMITH.

I am a very pretty cat. I was born in the year—never mind, but I want you to know that I am a young cat yet. My mistress gave me the disgusting name of Darkey, such a pretty cat as I am; but when she calls me Darkey I won't even turn my head round, so she is glad to call me kitty. I am very dainty, I don't eat anything but thick cream and mince pie; I don't like meat very well, it is too common. I eat out of a real china dish with roses on it. My mistress tells me that she loves me, but she tells me that I am not worth my food because I have only caught one mouse, but how can I catch them when there are none to catch? But that is the way with some people, always finding fault. I have a very bad misfortune. I have what is called fits. One cold night I had a fit, my mistress did not know enough to open the door so I could get some fresh air, so I went right through the window. My mistress' mother said she would have that hateful cat drowned, wasn't that awful? Throw me into the water! just think of it! but my little mistress cried so hard that her mother said I might live a little while longer. My little mistress said, "perhaps kitty got hurt," but her mother said "I will risk her;" just because I am a cat. The next morning a man came over to see my mistress, and he and my mistress talked about drowning that hateful cat until I had the chills and trembled so, and they said "that cat is going to have a fit," and dumped me into the snow; yes, actually dumped me. Every time I see a man I run and hide, and so I manage to live a miserable life. BLUE EYES.

Red Beach.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm. I have one brother and one sister; my brother's name is Joel, and my sister's name is Bessie. I can knit and sew, and wash dishes and sweep, but I cannot say as some of the little girls do that I can cook, for I cannot. The *Maine Farmer* has been one of our household for a great many years, for I live on the same farm that my grandfather and grandmother Felker commenced house-keeping on, and they lived here until they died, and they took the *Farmer* a long time before my mother did, and we all like to read the young folks' column very much, and it is very interesting to me to read how much the little folks can do. I have pieced up over one hundred squares of patchwork. For pets I have one cat, her name is Spotty. I went to school last winter, a term of ten weeks; my teacher's name is Vador Burns from Madison; she was a good teacher, and we all liked her very much. I will close by sending a riddle that my Aunt Lydia Thompson taught me, it is very ancient and perhaps some little girl would like to learn it.

Whence no man knows,
Nor where it goes,
But curiously wrought within,
'Twas not in heaven, nor yet in hell,
Nor on the earth it ever did dwell;
Now if you know this man of fame,
Tell me where he lives, and what was his name.

Concord. CYNTHIA FELKER HEALY.

I like the *Farmer* very much, especially the young folks' column, and woman's department. I went to school last winter a term of nine weeks, it was taught by H. C. Marden. Can sweep, wash dishes, sew and cook. We have an organ, I am taking music lessons, I like to practice, can play some. I am making a silk crazy quilt and a tumbler quilt. For a pet I have a crow; I like the cat but do not like them well enough for pets, but I like them for the afternoon they keep in the house and barn clear of mice and rats. I have seen most everything in our column but for the comfort of pussy. Take an old pan and fill it with wool, cotton wool is the best, then take a piece of dark print, having the length the bigness of the pan round the top, and wide enough to reach from the middle of the pan to the bottom on the outside; sew the ends together, and hem both edges and run a string in both hems, draw it up in the middle and on the bottom, and set it behind the stove; pussy will be very much pleased. N. M. H.

Steamville.

I am a little girl most six years old. I can wash, and wash dishes, sweep the floor, and help mamma make the beds. I have a doll named Rosa Bell, beside three other dollies. For pets I have a dog Watchie, a kitty named Dudie, and a lamb with little horns, that runs and jumps with me. I have a brother Henry, he has a pair of calves, that he yokes up and hauls wood on a little sled, and sometimes he gives me a ride too. My father has a large farm, and keeps lots of cattle and sheep and horses. I went to school last winter; I can read some and write a little, but mamma writes this for me. I love to hear from the little folks. I will close by sending a riddle: Round as an apple, yellow as gold, more things in it than you are years old? My brother was born just one week after the 4th of July, 1876, so will be ten years old the 11th of July.

Canaan. EFFIE ALICE CROWELL.

To Ethel Wilbur: I was very glad to hear from you through the *Farmer*. I am ten years old and this is the eighth letter I have written for the young folks' column. I am making crazy patchwork. When the *Farmer* comes, the first thing I look for is the young folks' column. My sisters and I have been reading the Young People's Bible History this winter, by reading in turn. I think the answer to your question is found in Amos, 6th chapter, 10th verse. I think you would be lonesome without your mother. I have a card album with my cards in it, and I have a book with comical pictures in it, and two scrap books with prose and poetry in them. My mother hooked me a rug with the figure of a cat in the center. I will close hoping to hear from you again. MABEL F. JOHONNETT.

Palmyra.

The answer to the riddle written by Willie W. B., is a man by the name of White looked out of a white house, and saw a white cow in his white door; he sold his white dog to go and drive the white cow out of the white clover. The answer to the riddle written by Jenny H. Littlefield, is, A black kettle upon a negro, the kettle had three legs which were turned up, and the negro was seated upon a brown horse, and the four legs of the horse and two of the negro made in all six. The answer to Maude H.'s problem is fifty cents. Will some one answer this riddle? The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, it begins at every end and ends at every place.

Skowhegan. L. S. AMES.

My father takes the *Maine Farmer*, and we all like it very much indeed. We do not live on a farm, but my father keeps a cow, one sheep, hog and hens. I am a boy 12 years old. We have eight customers that we sell milk to night and morning. I carry the milk and do all the chores, while my father and two brothers work on the ice. I can wash dishes and wash floors for my mother, and I can knit; I am knitting a rug for my mother. I will ask a question. Which is the windward side of a ship laying becalmed, with her yards square? Another question is, How many turns of twine does a well whipped rope need?

Hampden Cor. E. W. SPARROW.

My grandfather takes the *Maine Farmer*, and I like to read the young folks' column very much. My school is closed, and I am spending my vacation at my grandfather's in Manchester. He will be 82 years old next September. I think the answer to Lois A. M.'s riddle is "nail." I will close by asking a few questions: How many eggs could the giant Goliah eat on an empty stomach? Why is a nose, for the most part, in the middle of the face? Which president wore the largest hat? Where is the longest verse in the Bible?

Hallowell. M. A. KNOWLES.

I am a little girl 11 years old. I have two sisters and two brothers, their names are Nellie and Cora, and Harry and Fred. My father has taken the *Farmer* ever since I can remember. I have two pets, a little dog named Pinkey, and a goat named Topsy. I have a harness for Topsy and a sled, she will haul me all over the farm. My father is lame, goes around on a wooden leg. We have a colt named Nell, we have two horses, three cows and one calf.

Dexter. TINA PULLEN.

I have an organ, and have been taking lessons. I think the answer to Bina Morey's riddle is Dickens has Howitt (how it) burns; and the answer to Flora B. Merrow's is a bed. I will send some conundrums: 1st, What a rough man said to his son when he wanted him to be prosperity? 2d, A name that means such fiery things I cannot describe its pains and stings? The answer to these conundrums when rightly guessed is the name of an author. DAISY.

Charlotte.

I am a little boy thirteen years old; I live on a farm. My father has taken the *Maine Farmer* for six years and I like it very much. I have a colt and a pair of steers. I go to school; our teacher's name is Freda Piles, I like her very much. The snow was so deep that I had to go to school on snow shoes, which was great fun as I had to walk a mile to school.

Caribou. HARRY S. HOLMES.

I am a little boy eight years old, and live on a farm. I went to school a term of twelve weeks, and did not miss a day. I will answer M. A. M.'s riddle: It is a woman knitting. I will send a riddle: There is something upon a hill, if you give it bay it will live, if you give it water it will die. NED R. MANSFIELD.

Orono.

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SCALP, FACE, EARS AND NECK.

I was afflicted with Eczema, on the Scalp, Face, Ears and Neck, which the druggist, where I got your remedies, pronounced one of the worst cases that had come under his notice. He advised me to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after five days use, my scalp and part of my face were entirely cured, and I